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THE SACRIFICE

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THE

SACRIFICE:

A
CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

BY JULIA H. KINNEY,
Sheshequin, Pa.

Scott

HUDSON:

PRINTED BY ASHBEL STODDARD.

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1837.

THE SACRIFICE: A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

I HAD been nearly a year settled in the city of . before I became acquainted at the house of Deacon Daniel Cummings, although he was the very corner Stone of our outward temple, having built the Meeting House at his own entire expense, been chiefly instrumental in getting up revivals, by which our members were generally obtained, establishing Sabbath Schools, and rooting out of our councils every weed of heresy that dared show its head; or, in other words, in crushing with an iron heel, the monster LIBERALITY. And no man was ever better calculated to carry his points in all religious undertakings, than the good Deacon. In the first place, he was *very* wealthy. His gave great *solidity* to his opinions with the multitude. Secondly, he possessed a persevering zeal, which if not according to knowledge, was deprived, on that account, of none of its fervency. And this principle, set in motion by early prejudice, that great moving wheel in the grand structure of fanaticism, made him a very Sampson among the Philistines of Z. None could gainsay or resist him. If he said, 'let there be a revival,' there was a revival. If he said 'the Saybrook platform is without fault or blemish,' where was he being rash enough to contradict him? Such as Deacon Cummings, and with my then views and feelings, he was to me, as to others, an object of wonder and admiration.

I could hardly account to myself how I had resisted so many urgent solicitations, to visit his beautiful residence, which was only one mile from town. One reason I believe was, that being young in the ministry, it took up considerable of my time to prepare lectures suitable for the ears of a large and somewhat difficult audience. Another was, (though I was too proud to own it even to myself,) that Mr. Cummings was always accompanied to church by a couple of beautiful daughters, twins, and being no 'ladies' man' at all, as the phrase is, I heartily dreaded a tete-a-tete with these lovely girls, although one of them was a member of my church. But the Deacon became at length importunate, and would hear excuses no longer. I accordingly found myself one morning stepping very courageously into my Sulky for a drive to Three Hills, as the Deacon's residence was called, from the circumstance of three very singular hills, something, of the form of pyramids, shooting up within a short distance of the central building. It would puzzle any one to find either in nature or imagination, a lovelier spot than Three Hills. Its numerous buildings were arranged in such a manner as to give it, at a distance, the appearance of a little villa shut out from the commotions of a wicked world—a sweet Paradise for humble and pious hearts. I involuntarily checked my horse as we reached an eminence from whence I could enjoy an uninterrupted prospect, for I was then one of nature's most ardent worshippers.

The hills were nearly in the centre of a large and rather irregular plain, whose borders were skirted with a variety of handsome forest trees, which the woodsman had probably wanted heart

to destroy. The loftiest of these prominences was crowned with a clump of beautiful cedars, whose lofty tops seemed a resting place for the clouds. The second in height had nothing remarkable in its appearance, save a perpendicular ledge of blood-colored rock, whose dark cavities were nearly obscured by tendrils of the ivy and wild grape. But the last, and smallest, possessed some peculiarities upon which the eye could not fail of resting in sweet, though sorrowful contemplation. A narrow road communicating with the broad gravel walk which led to the mansion, and shaded each side with thrifty young locusts, wound round this little hill until it reached the summit and opened a small enclosure, containing two plain marble grave stones, and a white cottage, which stood, like Alciphron's love-bower and tomb, side by side. A short distance from this repository of the 'loved and lost,' were seen two large and flourishing trees, though of very different appearance. The one being a dense weeping willow, whose tearful branches waved silently above the sleepers; the other a lofty fir, with its dark arms, like the turrets of a watch-tower, flung aloft to the skies. An excellent device, thought I—a beautiful emblem of the sorrow which clings to the buried dust, and the hope which pointeth to heaven. A beautiful emblem of death and immortality. I could have lingered long upon this interesting scene, and the reflections it naturally suggested, but the Deacon had seen me with his spy-glass from the window, and was already opening the gate for my admittance. He expressed much pleasure at beholding me, and soon engrossed me so much in conversation, that I had *hardly* an opportunity of glancing at the beautiful

arbors, grottos and artificial fountains, with which the gardens through which we passed, were decorated.

I did not find the Miss Cummings half so formidable as I had anticipated. They were certainly very elegant and accomplished girls, but they were frank and social, and entirely free from that affected reserve which puts to flight the power as well as desire of intimate acquaintance. There was a striking similarity in the features and expression of their faces, as is usually the case with twins, but one three days visit convinced me that their minds were dissimilar. Harriet was one of earth's happiest creatures; all imagination, kindness and light-heartedness. Unaddicted to deep and conclusive thought, but with a well stored memory, and a heart overflowing with pure and gentle affections. Helen, the least handsome of the two, (I quote public opinion.) was by no means a being of sorrow, but possessing a quicker penetration than her sister, and taking a deep interest in the happiness of all around her, whether known or unknown, the various scenes of hopeless misery which came so frequently under her observation, had given to her pale sweet face, young as it was, a tinge of that tender melancholy which seldom fails to affect an amiable and sensitive heart. Yet was she not deficient in the more shining qualities of the mind. She was gifted with a calm and winning dignity of manner, which 'every eye followed with benisons,' and if she made fewer professions of attachment to her friends than many others, the strength of that attachment was never doubted by those that knew her. Such were the two sisters. The one *resembling a wild cascade flinging out its light*

and beauty in glad murmurs to the laughing
 other a subterranean stream casting up nob
 ous waves, but hushing its low, sweet music
 own silver depths.

I spent a most delightful day at Three
 and it may easily be guessed that my *first*
 was not my *last*. No, I found too much con
 niality of taste and sentiment to allow me
 remain long a stranger or even casual visitor.
 soon became a constant one. And do you won
 at this, dear reader? Now without inquiring
 your right to be indulged in such equiv
 curiosity, I will frankly confess that I was op
 ted upon by two causes, in my visits at Three H
 In the first place, I was not long in discovering
 that the favor and approbation of the good
 Deacon, was equivalent to that of the whole
 religious world of Z. Of course, his good will
 was a matter of some importance. Secondly, I
 learned in a much less period, that one look of
 kindness from Helen, the beautiful dark eyed Hel
 en, was sufficient to create a world of itself in my
 heart. The feelings of that heart I had long
 neglected to analyze. And when the reckoning
 did come, I was astonished to find so small a
 thing so very complicated. Its motions even to
 me, its owner, were perfectly mysterious. I had
 at the age of twenty-one, that most susceptible
 season, been thrown in the way of two very
 fascinating women, one of whom was a fair-haired
 daughter of my own native state, the other a
 converted Jewess, who was beautiful and talented
 as the Rebecca of Ivanhoe, but I escaped un
 scathed.

I afterwards boarded three years in the same
ouse with a West India heiress, whose immense

wealth was considered the very least of her attractions, and who condescended to treat me with marked deference. I was still heart whole. My friends added, 'heart-hardened.' And I almost concurred in their opinions, when after listening to the wild warbling of Harriet Cummings' voice at the piano, and drinking the light of her bewildering smile, I detected no answering tone among the harp-strings of feeling. But my hour came at last. The kneeling form of Helen at the hour of evening devotion, the tremulous earnestness of her dark blue eye,

As through its raised and moistened lids
It sought the spirit throne,

Produced a sensation which convinced me the 'star of my heaven' was revealed, and like Zoroaster, I bowed in 'rapt admiration before it.

There is no denying it. Love is the universal talisman—the magician of all hearts. Its empire is human nature, and profession offers no bar to its despotic extravagancies.

The acknowledgement of my affection for that gentle and high minded girl, was more like the confession of a despairing criminal, than the suit of a trusting lover. It partook neither of hope or fear, for of these I had not thought. It was simply an involuntary and unreserved out pouring of my soul's warm admiration, a releasing of pent-up sympathies, of wild and dream-like thoughts. I asked, I expected nothing in return. But the generous being to whom I confided my heart's dearest secret, understood better the wishes of that heart. She spoke not of love, but she acknowledged sincere regard, and—and she consented to be mine. Oh the happy days of our betrothment! Bear with me, dear reader, if I

linger a moment in that sunniest spot of my existence—that one green isle 'mid the turbulent waters of a long and wearisome life. The lovely Helen ~~had~~ suspected the depth of my idolatry. I would not have had her for worlds; she would have shrunk from me in terror. She knew not that her sweet image continually hovered between me and heaven; that she was ever present to my mind in seasons of contemplation, and even prayer. She knew not that my increasing perseverance in pastoral duties was chiefly to gain favor in her sight, and that the overpowering eloquence which gained me such bursts of applause, was wrung from a heart more deeply consecrated to her, than to that Divine Master whose name so often trembled on my lips. Such was the mad worship of my love, and bitterly, bitterly was I punished for disobeying the first and great commandment.

Time passed on. Our sky was still unclouded. We strayed through the green fields of Three Hills with light and happy hearts. We lingered amid the melancholy beauties of the cottage graveyard. We bent together over the inspired pages of holy writ. We mingled our voices in the vesper hymn, and at the altar of family devotion. But the fall drew near, and Deacon Cummings thought it time to propose the renewal of a right spirit among the churches. The reader is sufficiently acquainted with the character of the Deacon, to anticipate the result. A revival was soon in operation in Z. and never did I know a greater excitement. Every visage suddenly underwent a longitudinal extension; every mind seemed depressed. All labor was suspended; the children were seen kneeling in

groups in the corners of the streets, and the aged and the middle aged collected in praying circles with countenances which seemed to forebode some impending calamity. And a calamity was impending. Harriet Cummings, unlike her sister, had ever resisted the influences of the holy spirit. Not that she could be called really irreligious. The doctrines of the blessed Redeemer, the ceremonies of his visible church, were sacred in her eyes, but, agreeable to her own admission, their beautifying principles were not, as with Helen, the streams from whence every thought and word and action of her life issued. She had not 'given herself to God,' as the saying was in those days. She still loved the carnal allurements of the world better than the things of the kingdom. She loved gay company. She loved the Theatre, and was often known to prefer a tete-a-tete with some of Sir Walter Scott's heroines in her own little room, to the sober salutations of pious sisters at the house of prayer. The Deacon often remonstrated, and with harshness, as was his manner, but it affected her not. Helen entreated and prayed. We both of us prayed for her, and with her. Still it availed nothing. For though she listened with the utmost sweetness to all we said to her; nay, would sometimes even weep at the anxiety we manifested for her eternal welfare, she nevertheless continued the same happy child of nature, until the revival of which I have spoken, when a change suddenly became visible in her appearance.

A preacher from a great distance, by the name of —, conducted the meetings and he was the most powerful revivalist I ever knew. Harriet attended his meetings strictly. She soon became

thoughtful; then melancholy; and was at last, carried home in a state of insanity. Two days and nights did Helen and myself watch by her bedside, and dreadful were the ravings to which we were obliged to listen. On the third day towards evening, she became calm. She called us both to her. She spoke of her past life, as one of bitter rebellion, one that deserved not forgiveness—and, 'and,' added she, 'it will never obtain forgiveness. Do not weep, Helen. Have you not always said we should be resigned. I am resigned. I have seen the great Book of Fate, my sister. Thy name was written among the blessed few who are chosen to minister through a long eternity at the throne of the Almighty, while mine was on the dark and blotted list of the damned! Yes, we shall be separated, Helen, but do not weep so sadly now—save your tears till the day of Judgment, when the mighty King shall frown me down to the pit. I can bear that, then, for my heart will be harder. But now I must sleep. Leave me Helen, for my head is very heavy,' and she clasped her hands across her swollen eyes. We left the room. Helen went below to her father, while I thought it more prudent to remain in an adjoining chamber. I listened some time at the door, but could hear nothing save an occasional half-breathed sigh, or one in an uneasy slumber. I took a book and retired to a distant window. I had read through several pages, and quite forgotten my fears, when suddenly my ear was pierced by a low agonizing groan. To burst into the room, was but the work of an instant, but alas! I was too late. The dreadful sound had been wrung out by the pining spirit. She had committed suicide; but I cannot tell, for my senses even now, reel

horrid recollection. To describe the feelings of the family at this shocking occurrence, would of course be impossible. An almost idolized daughter—a twin sister—the reader can imagine how the survivors were affected.

The funeral was held in the large hall of the Deacon's own house, which was filled to overflowing. The officiating clergyman was from a considerable distance, and though a stranger to me, I felt encouraged to hope, while gazing on his silver hairs, and time-dimmed eyes, that he had come prepared to speak peace to the broken hearted. I was mistaken. It was too good an opportunity for a dreadful warning, to be left unimproved. The harrowing circumstances of the poor girl's death, were minutely and callously detailed. Could he only have stopt here! But no! She had died a hardened, impenitent sinner, despising, and despised of God. She had died by her own hands, and thereby precluded even the possibility of salvation. And he quoted the oft repeated, though unscriptural text, 'No self murderer can enter into the kingdom of heaven.' [My very heart ached.] But even this was insufficient. He pronounced the final doom of the wrathful Judge upon the lost spirit. He described the parting scene on the confines of the two worlds—he pursued it to the very verge of its flaming, its eternal abode, and there——he was interrupted by a wild and piercing shriek, and the next moment Helen Cummings was carried senseless out of the room.

Oh how long, and in what agony did we hang o'er that pale and apparently lifeless victim. Our hopes waxed faint, and even the physician, (who was luckily in the house at the time,) began

to despair of restoring her, when suddenly, she astonished us all by springing like a frightened fawn from her bed. We were perfectly electrified. A single glance, however, at her distorted features unraveled the mystery. She was mad. Her beautiful dark eyes sparkled with all the frenzied fury of a maniac—the white froth bubbled on her lip, and her hands were both clenched in her soft brown tresses.

Weeks, long, long weeks, went by, and the dread disease abated not. I seldom saw her. I could not bear to behold her delicate form writhing under restraint, though necessarily imposed. I could not listen to her piteous supplications for her sister's soul. But I could stay near her, I could pray for her, and for myself; aye, and I did pray, as it were, without ceasing. Yet how impotent, how childish were those prayers! 'Let her but give signs of returning consciousness, let me but hear one word, see one look of dawning reason, 'tis all I ask.' This was the burden of my midnight orisons. Alas! so little do we know the wishes of our own hearts. The spell, (for spell it seemed,) was at length, contrary to all our expectations, broken. She was restored, Her lips played with their former sweet smile, her eye assumed its usual bland and beautiful expression. But she could not speak or even lift a finger, so completely was her strength wasted; and death seemed still to hover near her, unwilling to yield so fair a prize. The Physician ordered every room adjoining hers to be evacuated—every sound of labor to be suspended, for, said he, a word, even a breath may waft her hence. For three weeks no human being, save himself and the nurse, were admitted. At the end

of that time, she was allowed to see her father, and afterwards, me. She wept like a little child when I entered the room, and I shame not to acknowledge, dear reader, that our tears were mingled together. She spoke of her long illness, but made no allusion to the cause. She also avoided every thing relating to her deceased sister of which I was glad, for I dreaded the probable consequences to herself.

‘Yes, Frederick,’ continued she, ‘I have been very, very sick, and nurse says I was hardly myself some of the time. I remember my head did feel strange, and I think I had some singular fancies. But I am so much better now. I have had a long time for reflection, Frederick, and though I have not been able to read, I have revolved in my mind many of the sweet and comforting sayings of our blessed book, and I hope it has bettered my heart. Oh! I shall rejoice, when I am again permitted to read and listen to its sublime instructions. And will you not read me a chapter now, Frederick?’ ‘Of course. Have you any choice?’ ‘None, excepting, I think I should prefer something in the *New Testament*.’ ‘Well, then, I will read wherever the book happens to open.’ The leaves parted at the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. I read to the twenty-third verse, when she interrupted me with, ‘excuse me, Frederick, but you must have miscalled one word. You said, *As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive*. I presume it reads, “even so in Christ shall *many* be made alive.”’

‘No, Helen, I read it right. It is *ALL*’ ‘Indeed!’ replied she musingly. ‘Well, read on, perhaps it is somewhere explained.’ ‘Is it not strange,’ said she, when I had finished and laid by

the book, 'is it not strange that I have no recollection of ever reading that chapter? It is entirely new, and I think very interesting too. Does it not contain some new doctrines? It speaks of a mystery that we shall all be changed after death. Do you suppose this possible?' 'Why, yes, Helen, we shall undoubtedly appear at the resurrection with bodies different from those we now possess.' 'But does this change regard only the outward form? It says we shall be made alive in Christ; that this corruptible shall put on incorruption; that Christ is to rule until he has put all enemies under his feet; and Death is called the last enemy, and that is to be swallowed up in victory. What can it all mean!' I did not inform her what it meant, for the simple reason that I did not happen to know myself; but I told her I presumed she could easily satisfy herself in relation to it, when she was sufficiently recovered to investigate abstruse subjects, and here the matter dropt.

I was soon after this, summoned home, (about, forty miles distant,) to see my father, whose demise was daily expected. He however recovered, though almost miraculously, and I was enabled to return in a couple of weeks, being much sooner than I anticipated. I found strange rumors afloat in Z. to which, as rumors, I at first gave little heed. The substance of them was, that Miss Cummings had become skeptical in regard to the main doctrines of the church, and that the matter was soon to be investigated in due form in council. I soon visited Three Hills. The Deacon, as was his custom, met me at the gate, but I saw at a glance, that all was not right. A settled gloom was on his brow partaking

thought, however more of anger than sorrow. I hastened to inquire after the health of his daughter. The old man bit his lip. 'Frederick Grey,' said he sternly, 'that perverse girl will be my undoing. She will bring these gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I thought when our poor Harriet was taken away, that my cup of bitterness was drained; but it was nothing to this, Frederick, it was nothing to this.' 'and to what, pray, can you allude?' asked I, in a faltering voice, for his manner alarmed me, 'what can you possibly mean?' 'To what do I allude?' And have you not heard, do you not know, that Helen, our pious, our sainted Helen, has become a rank Universalist?' 'A *Universalist*!' ejaculated I, scarcely able to articulate the word, 'God forbid—!' 'tis impossible. She has never read their works; she has never heard one preach, or even seen one. How then can it be? 'Tis impossible—there is some mistake.' 'No, Frederick, 'tis too true, for though she does not plead guilty to the *name*, her sentiments are precisely theirs. She talks of the promise made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; of the fullness of the Gentiles; of the whole world's remembering and turning to the Lord. She is a believer in that most abhorrent doctrine. Alas! that I should live to know it.' 'And how, pray has this been brought about?' 'Ah! that is the mystery. She says that a better acquaintance with the character of the Divine Being, has convinced her of the unreasonableness of the doctrine of endless misery. And she draws arguments in support of her favorite theory, both from nature and Revelation; only think, Frederick, from *Revelation*! And it seems as if she must be leagued with the prince of the power of the air, for st

has, by the aptness of her woman's tongue, put to flight three of our most enlightened brethren. To you alone, do I look for hope. *You* have some influence. Save her if possible, from this dreadful insatiation, this suggestion of the devil, and thereby wipe off the foulest blot that ever darkened the name of Cummings.'

The unconscious subject of our colloquy met me at the parlor door, with one of her sweetest smiles. 'I have been hoping all this afternoon, said she, that you might get back in time to help me to admire this splendid sunset. Just so it looked yesterday, but there was nobody to enjoy it with me, for Papa is quite abstracted lately, and seems to be losing his taste for our quiet scenery.' 'And Miss Cummings is resuming hers.' 'Why, yes, I don't know but I am. The world certainly unfolds new beauties every day. The flowery fields look fairer, the sun brighter, and my heart feels light, and almost happy. For

'I cannot go where *Universal Love* not smiles around.'

'Helen,' I exclaimed, rather reproachfully, 'from recent circumstances I should think your feelings would be of a very different nature.' 'I perfectly understand you,' replied she, her soft eyes filling with tears, 'but I fear you do not me. When our dear Harriet died, I felt as if my very soul was halved. Oh! you know, Frederick, that my sorrow was greater than I could bear. But what added to the poignancy of that sorrow? Was it not the thought that our separation was eternal? That bitter cup, my brother, has been removed from me. The Lord hath shown me that we shall meet again in peace, when he shall gather together in one all things in Christ. And is it strange, that my poor heart should become buoyant at this

sudden transition from despair to hope?' 'Helen,' said I, deeply agitated, 'you are certainly tampering with your soul's salvation. You are clinging to a wild and dangerous heresy—you are fastening in your soul a doctrine which takes away every salutary restraint from society and loosens the darkest passions of the human heart.' 'Your accusations are very, very serious,' she replied, 'and they shall not remain unnoticed. You say I am tampering with my soul's salvation. And is it doing this to place myself unreservedly in the hands of my Saviour; to build my faith upon the immoveable Rock of ages? Is it a dangerous heresy to believe that the will of the Lord shall prosper in his hand, until he has done all his pleasure? That he will turn away ungodliness from Jacob? And that all the ends of the earth shall behold his salvation? Is it loosing the darkest passions of the human heart, to be convinced that the way of the transgressor is hard? That his punishment is certain and immediate? and that it is the *goodness*, and not the *badness* of God, which leadeth to repentance? Believe me, Frederick, you have greatly mistaken the nature of the sentiments you so cruelly impeach. For they not only correspond with the plainest declarations of scripture, but also with the holiest desires of the human heart. You bring this argument in support of Christianity, against Deism, that the Almighty has implanted in every heart an unconquerable thirst for immortality. Hence, if he is a God of goodness, that desire must be gratified. And may not this argument be extended? Has he not also implanted in every breast a desire for the immortality of others? Yea, for the happy immortality of the whole human race? And may we not on

the same grounds expect it? While I tialist, (and I have been one many, alas, years,) I enjoyed many seasons of ~~w~~ thought devotional happiness. That ~~ha~~ now feel to have been but negative; ~~a~~ exemption from the pangs of acute suffering; occasional forgetting of the uncertainties of or a slight and scarce perceptible hope of mercies of the Lord might at some far encircle the whole creation. Of how character is my present enjoyment. I have fallen from my eyes. I know the and the world's Redeemer liveth. That good to all, and his tender mercies are in his works. I have found the golden truth promise. I have traced it in all its windings back to the ocean from whence ~~n~~ated, even the shoreless ocean of Almighty and no more do I doubt the final restitution things, than I do the truth of my own existence.

Her father who had stood in the door, received, during a great part of the conversation now entered. His eye flashed fire. 'said he, in a voice hoarse with conflictions, 'Helen, you have pronounced your doom, you have acknowledged yourself a — I will not pollute my lips with the name; but you have pronounced your final Henceforth you are to me a stranger. ~~P~~re depart, for as I hope for mercy, this house no longer be contaminated by one, (child she be,) professing such damnable heresy shall go, Helen—aye, and penniless too, alike the rest of that miserable and deluded nomination.' 'Father! father!' cried the bling girl, flinging her arms wildly and

neck, and bursting into tears, 'father, I would not leave you for worlds. Poor Harriet is gone, and who would be left to take care of you in your declining years? Who would nurse you in sickness? Who would love and comfort you like an only daughter? Oh! do not drive me from you. I will submit to any restriction. I will not be called a Universalist, if the name is so disagreeable; I will only be called a *Christian*. But I cannot, dear father, I am sure I cannot, leave you.' 'And will you give up your mad notions then?' inquired he, slightly relaxing his stern features at this strong evidence of filial attachment. 'Will you renounce the Christless doctrine of free salvation?' 'Never! father,' she answered, drawing hastily back, and pressing her hand to her heart, 'never will I do this! I cannot be a hypocrite! I cannot deny the Lord who bought me! If these are the conditions, then indeed *must* we part, though my heart should break in the struggle. *Father, I am ready for the sacrifice!*' 'Go, then, destroyer of my peace,' exclaimed he, 'go as soon as may be, but remember, that *the curse of an abused, and grey-haired father shall follow you to your grave.*' The old man left the room with measured steps, while Helen sank almost fainting to a seat.

For a long time all was hushed in silence.—Neither of us spake, and but for an occasional deep-drawn sigh, apparently wrung from an aching heart, I should have feared the wounded spirit had sought its native element—the skies. But the oil was poured upon the troubled waters, and they were calm. She arose and sought me at the window, where the rays of the full moon were dispelling the gloom of twilight. 'Frederick?

said she, in a voice of tender melancholy, 'still remains one unsevered tie. It also must be broken, that I may be wedded alone to my Saviour. Yet, may it not be rudely severed. Oh! Frederick, I could not live to hear a curse from your lips.' 'And I, Helen—I should die in pronouncing it. No, I cannot speak harshly to one so fondly loved, but I can pity you, and I do heartily! O! is there no hand to pluck you as a brand from the burning?—Will neither arguments or entreaties avail?—Must you sacrifice every thing—your home, your friends, your reputation, and even your immortal soul to this wretched fantasy?' 'Frederick,' murmured she in a voice, low, and sweet as an angel, and taking my hand between her own, 'Frederick, do you see yon beauteous moon? Its beams are gentle and subduing. They visit like the sterile rock and fruitful field—they linger upon my hand as well as yours—there is no partiality. Such, dear brother, is the love of our Father above. It has no favorites—it is limitless as the blessed light of heaven. Like the sweet rains of spring, it falleth upon the just and upon the unjust, it encompasseth the whole earth. And call it not a fantasy, Frederick, that my heart should burn to proclaim that love. A flame is kindled on the altar of gratitude, it would flash out into the surrounding darkness, it would communicate a portion of its light and warmth to the spirits of others. Frederick, my resolution is taken, irrevocably taken. I will forsake all things for Christ. I may effect little, but if I succeed by divine grace in releasing one soul from the bondage of that fear which hath torment—in speaking peace to one error-stricken heart, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. But pardon me, I would now speak of different things.

‘ Our vows are registered in heaven, but our hands can never be united on earth. Frederick, you are free! Yet look not thus reproachfully on me. You cannot surely doubt the sincerity of my attachment. Oh! you may doubt almost every thing, sooner than that. And now that we may never meet again this side of the grave, I will confess to you, what in its extent, no other circumstances should ever wring from me. My love for you has been pure, and deep, as the fountain of life itself. It reared its altar in the very temple of feeling; it sent up its sacred fires through all seasons; it mingled its glowing incense with every thought and hope of my being. Seldom, Oh! Frederick Grey, seldom hath woman loved as I have loved. The sentiment is still strong at my heart. But stronger is the love of truth and a crucified Redeemer—**WE MUST PART!** Yet do not quite forget me, Frederick. Let the beautiful seasons of our past happiness and communion sometimes be present with you. And may the Lord bless you and give you that peace which passeth understanding—**FAREWELL!**’ I could not speak—I could only press her hand in silence to my lips, for my heart was crushed, and my spring-day hopes, like the seared and withered leaves of winter, lay quivering at my feet. I did not see her again, for receiving the next day an invitation to settle in one of the western states, I immediately accepted it.

Nine years passed away, during which time I heard nothing from Helen Cummings, save that she had left her father, and that father had willed away her inheritance to a dissipated nephew. My own little history meanwhile was distinguished by nothing remarkable save a change of scene.

ment in regard to religion, and an installation as Pastor over a small but interesting Universalist society in lieu of a flourishing Presbyterian church. This change in my views of the Divine character was produced by a variety of causes, though I always believed the first good seed to have been sown by Helen Cummings. Business at length called me to the east, and as the city of Z. lay nearly in my route, I concluded to visit it, and exchange a friendly greeting with the friends of 'Auld lang Syne.' It was early one bright spring afternoon that I drew up my horse at the door of a small public house in the village of Sullivan, a little place 40 miles west of Z. and which I very well remembered as being some years before the Diocese of a brother clergyman, who wrote me soon after his removal there, that the inhabitants were below all hope of reformation, and that he was about leaving them in despair. This recollection would probably have carried me directly through the village, but I saw what I took to be a funeral procession forming a short distance ahead, and concluded to wait till it was past.—I found no one within, except a very old lady who sat at the parlor window, watching the people as they came out of the church door, she arose at my entrance and politely offered me a seat which I accepted. I observed that her eyes were red with weeping, by which I naturally conjectured the deceased to have been a near relation. The procession soon came by. It consisted of several hundred very respectable looking persons, nearly half of whom were dressed in deep mourning. As the hearse passed, followed by several young women whose arms were nearly shrouded by long black veils, the old lady buried her face in her hands and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

The deceased must have been very dear to you madam, I ventured to observe. 'Oh yes,' sobbed she 'she was very, very dear to us all—dear as our own lives. Could you but have known her, sir, so beautiful, so learned, so pious! She came a stranger among us eight or nine years ago. Oh! we were in a sad state then. Our minister who loved us not, had just left us.—We had neither meetings or schools. Our young men were intemperate and profane; our young women ignorant, idle and mischievous, and our children ran like so many little savages about the streets. But she came like a ministering spirit among us, and the aspect of things changed. She told us of the dear love of our Father in heaven, and her words were sweet as the manna in the wilderness. She taught a day-school and a Sabbath school. She encouraged reading meetings, until heaven should send us a good minister, and she planned sewing and other societies for the improvement of our young ladies. We were soon a changed people. Every body loved the young School-mistress for her sweet face, and mild and affectionate disposition; and the interest she took in all our little affairs, made us anxious to please her in return. Idleness and intemperance rapidly decreased.—Our children became obedient and refined, and none of our young men were hardy enough to indulge any longer in the disgusting sin of profanity. But alas! she is gone, and never, never shall we look upon her like again. Yet does she speak to us—her last words are with us—they will never be forgotten. 'Weep not for me, dear friends,' said the departing angel, 'weep not for me. I am only called a little before.—You will soon follow

And we shall sing together the song of Moses and the Lamb in the dear presence of our "Father and our God,"'

'And pray, madam, said I, deeply affected with her singular narrative, 'pray what was the name of this extraordinary young person?' 'It was HELEN CUMMINGS.'

PRIZE TALE.

**THE
BLIND WIDOW,**

AND

HER FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE

Evangelical Magazine

AND

Gospel Advocate.

BY MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT,
Towanda, Pa.

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1837.

THE BLIND WIDOW AND HER FAMILY



It is a pleasant thing to cast, occasionally, life's little cares and perplexities aside, and let oppressed memory fill up her beautiful casket with the gem-like reminiscences of early years. She brings us the impression of many a bright form, now mouldering in earth—she recalls to us many a thrilling scene of the long, long past, whose very remembrance sends the warm blood to the heart, and we awake and look round us for the performers of those generous deeds—those high and princely acts, which were, in early manhood, the themes of our admiration; forgetting the partiality of change for our fair earth's loveliest features, and that the north wind scatters not more readily the frail flowers of Summer, than does change the cherished blossoms of humanity. But they leave (thank Heaven!) their memory, and we linger with melancholy fondness upon the Christian fortitude, the self-denial, the pure, impartial benevolence, until, from these, we go back to the holy principles from whence they emanated, and lose ourselves in contemplating the religion which taught those blessed ones to gather smiles at the fountain of tears, and overcome the temptations of this world by the low-voiced spirit of pious love.

I was but a child when Mrs. Hamilton became a widow; but I was permitted to attend her husband's funeral, and can never forget the small group of darkly clad forms that clustered round his grave, nor how, with childish curiosity, I caught the hand of one of the little orphans, and

gazed rudely into his face, to see if he were crying. Nor can I forget how I turned away and wept, when I saw the Widow, with clasped hands, raise her sightless eyes to heaven, and heard the deep sobbings of the eldest daughter and son, who had led their blind mother to the grave. I wept, but with infantile selfishness; for I reflected, what if it were *our* own dear father who was dead, how would Charles and Harriet cry, and how bad we should all feel if *our* poor mother could not see. Such were the natural suggestions of simple, childish feeling; and so deeply does the pen of early impression engrave its characters on the tablets of the immortal mind, that the little scene just described, though of no particular importance to myself, shines forth to recollection as vividly as if but a yesterday's transaction, although many long years have since gone by. But to my narrative.

Mr. Hamilton married with very good prospects in life. I mean in *humble* life. He was the owner of a small dry goods shop in one of our Southern cities, and his well known honesty and persevering business habits, rendered it probable that he would arrive, if not at opulence, to at least respectable independence. But who, alas! may calculate on the certainty of any human event? Mr. Hamilton had the misfortune to render himself unpopular among his friends, by the open and earnest advocacy of a system of religion (Universalism) which was deemed, in those days, the root of incalculable evils; and the very kernel of heresy. This was an offence not to be tolerated, and it injured his business materially. He had, beside, one failing, (for it is conceded that Universalists have some failings,

although, in view of their doctrines, one would almost deem the thing impossible) which was *not* at all calculated to win the smiles of father M^{am-}mon; namely, a benevolence of heart, which always caused him to shed tear for tear with the unfortunate, and to open freely his purse for their relief.

Notwithstanding, however, the unpopularity and too-far-carried effects of his religion, there was little doubt of his having obtained a competency, but for the breaking out of a fire which resulted in the destruction of his shop, and nearly all its uninsured effects. This was an almost overwhelming disaster, as it reduced him to the necessity of accepting an offer of clerkship in a large mercantile establishment, the proprietor of which, a Mr. Ward, enjoyed no very enviable reputation. This man had been recently excommunicated from some Christian church, the doctrines of which he continued to advocate, long after his expulsion, for the purpose, it was said, of furthering the more easily, his dark intrigues, under the fair covering of piety. But we will leave his character to develop itself in the course of these details.

Long and faithfully had Mr. Hamilton labored in the service of "Merchant Ward," as he was called; the avails of that labor barely affording his family a subsistence, including the expense of educating his two eldest children—the first, a beautiful daughter of seventeen, and a son two years younger; when he was taken away by sudden and severe sickness from the active scenes of life, leaving his afflicted wife and five children to struggle unprotected through a cold, uncharitable world!

It was with a heavy heart that Widow Hamilton returned from the funeral to her humble home. 'The one dear voice' was not there to welcome her; neither the kind hand which had often, since the developement of that dreadful disease, called cataract of the eye, been extended to direct her uncertain steps. The pale mourner sank for a moment, overcome with painful emotions, but the many sweet consolations of the faith whose hopes had brightened her whole life, and sustained her husband in the hour of death, sent down their precious encouragements to her heart, and gave her peace. 'Thou art not an orphan, my little James,' cried she, clasping her youngest son fondly in her arms. 'Neither are ye fatherless,' she continued, drawing closely together her little bevy of bereaved ones, 'the Father of the fatherless is yours. He watches you, and will spread his mantle of love over you, and ye shall not be hurt. He watches you, and will gather, in due time, your immortal spirits, with the whole world's purified intelligences, to bloom like sweet flowers, as it were, in his own bright garden forever! The storm of adversity, 'tis true, is gathering darkly above your heads; but remember the injunctions of the dear parent that is gone, and trust in your Saviour. Let your hearts go up to him in frequent prayer, and believe me, Oh my precious, sorrowing ones! believe me, he will bless you—he *will* bless you!' Oh, who could have seen the grateful tears of those affectionate children as they caught the inspiring words of their pious mother—who could have felt their young, innocent hearts beating warmly with high, devotional resolves—who could have heard their fervent aspirations to Him who once for

such as themselves to his bosom, and *bleed* them—who could have seen and felt all this, *is,* said, 'This is the spirit of Antichrist? Or, *rat* who could have witnessed these things, and *frained* from saying, 'This is the light which *ultimately* dawn upon every one that cometh *the world?*

The death of Mr. Hamilton, it will of course be supposed, from his extremely small income, left his family in very depressed circumstances. The expenses incurred in his sickness and *burial* were considerable; and the Widow found herself under the immediate necessity of disposing of her pleasant home, and removing to miserable lodgings, in a narrow by-street, in order to save the additional cost of high rent. Here, with the assistance of her eldest son, Robert—who, at his father's decease, was taken into the establishment of Merchant Ward—the slight avails of Marian's sewing, and her own small jobs of knitting, (being the only work her afflicted situation allowed her to do,) she contrived to live, although the strictest and most ingenious economy was necessary to keep them from a state of actual pauperism. But no complaint was made, and when they were all seated around their scant evening fire—for Robert staid with them at nights—the closest observer could not have detected a single cloud upon their smiling faces, nor heard a sentence from their lips, betokening aught but the most peaceful serenity. And when the long evening's sweet and cheerful conversation was over, they all joined in singing a family hymn, which was succeeded by the low-voiced mother *in prayer* and thanksgiving, and the young members of that holy family sought their pillows with

the seeds of eternal life spreading beautifully their warm roots through the soul's deep avenues. But the hour of temptation was at hand, for one, at least, of their number; and wily were the snares of the enemy, laid to entrap his victim.

Merchant Ward had, during the lifetime of Mr. Hamilton, tried every art in his power to obtain the services of that excellent man in some of his dishonest schemes. He commenced by endeavoring to sap Mr. Hamilton's religious principles; thinking that by converting him to his own partial system—by doing away the parental relationship between man and his Maker—he might destroy that love for his fellow-creatures, which had ever induced Mr. Hamilton to consider *their* interest as *his own*. But it was of no use, and of this the crafty merchant was soon convinced, and therefore changed the form of his attack. He next attempted to confound principle with interest and necessity—to erase those nice distinctions between virtue and the form thereof, and lead his victim blindfolded, as it were, into 'by and forbidden paths.' The practised eye of James Hamilton, however, detected all his subtleties and scorned them; as, also, his delicately managed hints at bribery; and the vexed and baffled merchant would have discarded him, but for the reflection, that he could find no one to fill his place. Of the young and inexperienced son, however, he hoped different things—and many were the ~~gilded~~ lectures to which the unsuspecting young man was obliged to listen, often wondering to what such things tended.

It was late one stormy evening, when, in a dark and unfrequented street, some one touched Robert's arm, and the voice of Merchant Ward

sounded in his ear. 'Robert,' said he, 'I forgot, to-day, to speak with you on a subject of some importance. But I presume 't will do just as well now, as this spot seems to be perfectly private. You recollect, I dare say, Col. Hartley's giving me a check on the Mobile Bank, a few days since, while in the store?' 'I recollect, Sir,' replied Robert, after a moment's musing, 'seeing him sign a check; but I thought it was on a Bank in this city.' 'No, no, 't was Mobile. Don't you know he spoke of its permanency, and also mentioned his extensive interest in it?' 'He did; but I have still an impression that the check related to a Bank *here*.' 'No doubt you have, but a moment's reflection must convince you of your mistake. 'Tis a subject of considerable consequence to me, and it will, I assure you, be greatly to *your* advantage to *remember right*—for should the matter be called in question, as report says it will, I shall depend on you to evidence the facts of the case. The thing is undoubtedly coming to your memory?'

'No, Sir,' answered Robert, after some pause, 'my mind is quite confused on the subject, and reflection only seems to confirm my first impressions.'

'Well, it is very strange,' muttered the merchant, inwardly provoked to find the lad's memory so perversely pertinacious—'tis very strange you should get things so mixed up. You remember the Colonel's mentioning, particularly, the Mobile Bank—you recollect his signing the check; and I remember that said check related to said Bank. You will, therefore, I presume, have no objection to telling the good jury of the court, should one be called, that you saw Colonel Hartley give me

a Mobile check, remembering, all the time, that in performing this little act of friendship, or I might say, duty, you are materially benefiting yourself.'

'I will, most cheerfully, tell them all I know about it,' rejoined Robert, 'for I should be glad to oblige you; but I would not, for worlds, testify to a circumstance, of the truth of which I am not perfectly positive.'

'Poh!' replied the merchant, 'there can be no harm in it, at all—you have my word for its truth, and you have got it all yourself, except the little minutia. Beside, if that exquisite conscience of yours should ever trouble you, a priest will absolve it. Or, you may repent on Protestant principles, and be none the worse. And then,' he continued, in a soft insinuating tone, (feeling the arm he had taken endeavoring to withdraw itself,) 'the reward you shall receive will make your family independent, and the day may come that will see you a partner in my establishment. Only think, Robert, a partner with Merchant Ward!'

Robert Hamilton was, by no means, destitute of ambition; and we will not say that his heart did not beat quicker at the thought of seeing his dear mother, and her little ones, in a more comfortable situation; or of being, himself, at some future period, in independent circumstances. But whatever his thoughts may have been, they glided by, like shadows across the dial plate, without marring the pure polish of pious virtue.

'You have certainly mistaken my character,' said he, slowly, but firmly—his fine youthful form expanding into manliness, as the tide of indignant blood rushed impetuously through his

swelling veins—‘you have mistaken my character; for, young as I am, I have learned to love and keep my heavenly Father’s commandments. And sooner shall this body be consumed by hunger—sooner shall this tongue be torn out by the roots, than it shall infringe one little hair’s breadth upon the law which says, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

‘Then, may these curses fall upon thee,’ shouted the enraged merchant, his voice almost choked with the hoarseness of immoderate passion—‘may these curses, and worse than these, fall upon thee, baser son of a base father! Ay, and they shall, if I have any influence over thy destiny. Presume not, henceforth, to set thy foot within my door, but beware. Thou hast goaded the lion and may test his strength!’

‘Say, rather,’ said a deep voice near them, ‘he has disturbed the *viper*, and may feel his *fangs*.’

And at that moment two human figures passed them, but slowly, as if to witness the result of the conference. The merchant turned upon his heel, without another word, and Robert hastened home to relieve the anxiety of those who, he knew, must be wondering at his long absence.

‘What ails you, Robert?’ said his little sister Rose, as the light fell upon his face at the door—‘what ails Robert, Marian?’

‘You are very pale, my brother,’ said Marian, laying aside her work—‘I hope nothing has happened.’

‘Are you sick?’ added the anxious voice of Mrs. Hamilton.

‘No, mother, I am only a little melancholy. I have been strongly tempted to-night, and—’

‘And you resisted’—half exclaimed, half inquired the Widow, hurriedly.

‘Yes, mother, I did.’

‘Thank God! thank God!’ came from the full heart of Mrs. Hamilton.

‘I *did* resist,’ continued Robert, ‘but Heaven knows whether it may not be the ruin of us all.’

‘Fear not that, my beloved child,’ she replied, clasping her hands affectionately round his neck, ‘thou hast foiled thy most bitter enemy; and dearer, far dearer art thou to me, with thy pure, unspotted heart, than if thou hadst returned laden with the spoils of many conquered nations. Fear not—but trust in Him who never forsakes the innocent, and thou shalt ever find cause to rejoice!’

The circumstances of his meeting with Merchant Ward were soon related by Robert, with the exception of what had excited in his mind a suspicion of forgery. This he carefully suppressed, and after a few brief and charitable comments, the evening passed away, as if nothing had happened.

It was but a few days after this, that, as Robert was strolling through the city, hoping to find some employment he met John Surrey, a former companion, of nearly his own age, who was living with Merchant Ward, and with whom Robert had associated on terms of affectionate intimacy.

‘We were all sorry to lose you, Robert,’ said John, grasping his hand, ‘and I guess master ’ll be sorry, too, some day—and this brings me to a secret, which I want you should promise to keep for me.’

‘I do not like secrets, John,’ replied Robert, ‘they are very apt to make mischief.’

‘That is because they are not well kept. This will hurt nobody, unless it is told, and I hope you will not refuse to gratify me in so small a matter.’

‘Why, certainly not,’ rejoined the warm-hearted, unsuspecting boy, ‘if it can do no harm.’

‘You promise, then,’ said the other, ‘not to reveal what I am going to tell you?’

‘I do.’

‘Well, then, here it is; the very eyetooth of old hardhearted Ward;’ and he took from his pocket an elegant gold repeater, suspended by a chain of great value. Robert drew back with a look of painful astonishment.

‘It cannot be possible, John,’ said he, ‘that you have really—really—’

‘That I have *really* learned *hocus pocus*, you would say, Bob. There is nothing truer, I assure you; and master is undoubtedly looking for it, by this time. Now, he will suspect me, in the start, and I want you to keep it for me till the fuss is over, and then you shall have half it is worth.’

‘Oh, foolish, ruined boy!’ exclaimed Robert, ‘what have you done? Did you not know that a greater eye than Merchant Ward’s was upon you? And that you might as well attempt to escape the shaft of death, as the thunderbolt retribution of thy God? Go back to Mr. Ward, John; confess before him, and your heavenly Father, your fault; and you may yet obtain mercy. But ask not me to become a partaker in your wickedness.’

‘Am I an idiot, Robert,’ answered the boy, sullenly, ‘that you expect me to beg forgiveness of a man whose very creed is *revenge*!—But I see you are not disposed to befriend me, and I suppose I must stand or fall by myself.’ And starting off abruptly, he was out of sight. Robert could renew the exhortation, which rose with redoubled tenderness to his lips.

It was on the evening succeeding this event, that a loud rap was heard at the door of Widow Hamilton, and on its being opened, two police officers entered, and seizing Robert by the arm, pronounced him their prisoner.

‘And of what, gentlemen, am I accused?’ asked he, eyeing them with a look of calm surprise. But how was that look changed to one of deep consternation, when, from his outer pocket, one of the officers produced the identical watch which he had seen in the hands of John Surrey! The whole truth and its fearful consequences lashed upon him at once; and turning away from them, he said in a mournful voice, “mother, I fear, it is all over with me. I am caught in the coils of the adversary, and see no chance of escape. But pray for me, dear mother; for, believe me, I am innocent.” And he tore himself from the sobbing group that surrounded him, and accompanied the officers to prison. One moment gave the Widow to tears, and petitioning for Heaven’s aid, but the next was for action. Counsel must be obtained; but how, alas, could it be, without that general stimulator to good deeds—money? Various plans were thought of, and rejected, till at length Marian proposed selling her harp, a present from her dear father, in his prosperous days. A sale was ultimately effected, and the services of a young and inexperienced lawyer, (the only one, however, with whom they were acquainted,) were immediately engaged.

The trial came on at an early day, and Merchant Ward and the treacherous Surrey were nearly the first to enter the court-room. The prisoner was soon called, and the spectators were *surprised to behold*, instead of a dark, heartless

looking culprit, a lad of frank, open countenance, on which sat an expression of sweet, but melancholy resignation.

‘That does not look like guilt,’ exclaimed one, as he passed.

‘It may be but the hypocrisy of its callousness,’ was the reply.

The trial commenced. The evidence of the officers who arrested the prisoner, was first taken, and then arose John Surrey, who detailed very correctly the conversation had between himself and young Hamilton, a few days previous—with which the reader has been already favored—taking care, however, to put his own dark words into the mouth of poor Robert. The case seemed too clear to need any farther investigation, and when the counsel for the defendant commenced cross-examination, his extreme embarrassment showed plainly that he was convinced of his client’s guilt. He had asked but two or three faint, irrelevant questions, when a stern voice, from the farther end of the room, cried, ‘Stop!’ and a tall, manly figure strode fearlessly through the room, and after consulting the prisoner a moment, and whispering to his lawyer an emphatic ‘sit down!’ took the latter’s place.

‘’Tis the People’s Lawyer,’ said an old gentleman near Robert, in reply to the question, ‘Who is he?’ ‘’Tis the People’s Lawyer—the best and wealthiest man in the city, and one who never pleads except when he sees oppression preying upon poverty and innocence. Merchant Ward had best look to himself; for, an old man’s word for it! something is going wrong.’

The People’s Lawyer, as he was significantly termed, was a man aged about twenty-eight, pos-

essed of superior beauty of person, and it was said of commanding eloquence, which was often successfully employed in the cause of the widow and orphan. He was, therefore, the fear of the oppressor, and the almost idol of the poor and honest. He was master, moreover, of a penetration of mind, which, in some cases, seemed almost intuition. And as his dark eye now glanced upon the face of the witness, it seemed to read his character at once. He gazed for one long moment, sternly and fixedly upon his quailing eye and varying cheek—then raising his right hand, and pointing his forefinger at his very heart, he cried in a voice that might have startled the conscience of a Nero,—

‘John Surrey—John Surrey—knowest thou not that the eye of the eternal God is upon thee? Knowest thou not that his pen hath this day written perjury against thy soul? And knowest thou not, oh, thrice miserable young man! that he will lay in thy sickening bosom the fiery coilings of that worm which dieth not, but writhes, and writhes, and sends its deadly venom into all the channels of thought, and feeling, and hope, until the poor victim looks down with melancholy longing into the gloomy grave, and would give worlds for its cold serenity? Knowest thou not that peace shall visit thee no more, day nor night, forever, unless thou dost recall the dark words which thou hast this hour spoken? Look at thy victim, deluded boy! think of his affection and brotherly kindness to thee, and then tell me how thou wilt feel to see his youthful form wasting away under the cruel labor of a State’s prison. Tell me how thou wilt feel to see his friends weeping over him, as one dead—ay, worse than

dead—disgraced—and all for a few false words of thine. Look, young man, and tell me.’

The eye of John Surrey turned involuntarily towards the prisoner’s box, and his cheek grew paler, and his lip quivered; for memory was busy at his heart. He thought of the unvarying gentleness of that injured friend—of the many little sacrifices he had made for his comfort and gratification; he thought of their many sweet moments of tender intimacy, when Robert had talked to him of heaven, and called him dear brother, and his own black treachery rose in hideous contrast. He forgot Merchant Ward and his bribe—he forgot his own danger—he forgot every thing, save present injustice and former love—and rushing forward, and throwing his arms round the neck of Robert Hamilton, he sobbed out a full confession of his own and his Master’s base schemes for Robert’s ruin, upon his bosom. Twice did the enraged merchant rise—twice did he attempt to speak—but the eye of the People’s Lawyer frowned him down, and he was glad to escape unharmed, out of court.

Who shall describe the joy of the little family of Hamiltons, on the evening of Robert’s restoration to their society?

‘If I could only see your benefactor, the People’s Lawyer,’ said Marian, ‘I am sure I should quite worship him. And did you not find out where he lives, Robert?’

‘No; in the hurry of the moment, I suppose, he forgot to mention his address. But I remember, perfectly, the few words he spoke to me, on leaving. “Go home,” said he, “dear, honest boy, and gladden your friends by your presence. But come to me, next week, when I shall be at

home ; for I would like to have farther conversation with you. But, forget not, meanwhile, to return thanks to your Maker, for the happy termination of your difficulties.”

‘Noble, generous soul,’ exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, ‘let us not forget his injunction, my children, but return thanks to Him whose hand is so plainly manifest. Let us not cease giving glory, and honor, and praise to his name, forever and ever.’ And her two pious children responded, fervently, ‘Amen.’

It was while Robert was in prison, that Mrs. Hamilton received a letter from a distant relative, in the city of New-York, offering to procure a lucrative situation for her son, near him, and requesting his immediate presence. This chance was not to be neglected, and Robert accordingly set out the next morning after his release, regretting deeply, however, the necessity of leaving his mother and her family in so unprotected a situation, as also his inability to testify his deep gratitude to the People’s Lawyer. It was not until after her son’s departure, that Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter began to reflect upon their almost hopeless pecuniary circumstances. Robert’s traveling expenses had taking nearly the last penny that remained of the money received for the harp, and they knew not where to look for more. Their quarterly rent had become due—their stock of provisions was running low—the little ones were almost destitute of clothes—it would be sometime before they could expect remittances from Robert, and, to add to their embarrassment and distress, the youngest child, a fine boy of six years, was taken ill of the disease which terminated his father’s existence. The heart of the

poor widow was sorely tried in these accumulating difficulties. But she forgot not to look to the true source, for comfort and assistance. Nor did she look in vain. A newspaper accidentally came into Marian's hands, containing an advertisement by a Mrs. Brownson, for some neat, original scenery paintings to grace her center table. Marian had been acknowledged, while at school, to possess splendid talents for drawing. She therefore set immediately about the task, and her anxiety to earn something for the support of her suffering family, seemed to give her a species of inspiration. For in a short time, notwithstanding the increasing illness of little James, she had succeeded in finishing two rich and delicate pieces.

Taking advantage one evening of her sick brother's hour of sleep, she and Rose set out with beating hearts for the residence of Mrs. Brownson, into which they were admitted as soon as their errand became known.

'Send them in here,' exclaimed a shrill, treble voice to the servant who announced them, 'I would not go into that cold room to see West, himself.'

They were accordingly ushered into a splendid drawing-room, where several young ladies and gentlemen were congregated, for the apparent purpose of abusing father Time with unmeaning prattle. The beautiful cheek of Marian became suffused with the deepest crimson, as she beheld the eye-glass of one of the young ladies, ranging itself in the direction of a faded breadth of her almost threadbare pelisse. But she conquered the feeling of shame and indignation, and walking with a calm, but respectful dignity to the table where Mrs. Brownson remained sitting, she

submitted her paintings for inspection. They were soon handed from one to another, accompanied by comments many of which seemed made without the least regard for the feelings of the humble artist.

'Well Kitty, what do you think of them?' inquired Mrs. Brownson of her daughter, the second time.

'Why, ma,' drawled out the silly girl, in a tone of affected contempt, 'I think they look very much like my own first attempts.'

'Then your first attempts must have been very beautiful, Miss Brownson,' exclaimed a rich, manly voice, 'and your mother had best, by all means, collect them immediately.'

Marian could not see the speaker, for he sat in the shade; but she felt that there was balm in his words.

'Well child,' said Mrs. Brownson, in a somewhat softened tone, 'what do you ask for your paintings? I suppose from your looks, that you need all they are worth, and perhaps charity should add a little more.'

The color again visited Marian's pale cheek, and a tear stood in her dark, intelligent eye, but remembering that forbearance is one of the greatest of Christian virtues, she replied modestly and calmly, 'I have not priced them, madam, but you may give me what you think they are *worth*. I wish nothing more.'

'If you had only come in the day time,' continued the unfeeling woman, 'I could have judged better of their merits. Why in the world didn't you get here before dark? Perhaps, though, you thought some defects in your pictures might be more easily detected by thus doing.'

The recollection of her poor mother, and her little brother's distressed situation—of the high hopes which had animated her on her setting out from home—and, above all, the imputation of low trickery in coming at the time she did, sent an arrow to the heart of poor Marian, and she could only falter out, 'I could not leave my sick brother,' ere her feelings burst forth in a torrent of irrepressible tears.

'You need not feel so bad, my dear,' said Mrs. Brownson, with an awkward attempt to soothe, 'but give me your name and place of residence, and I will send you the pay for these scraps in the morning.'

The information was given, and Marian was glad to find herself and sister once more in the street.

'Where are you going, my pretty misses, in such a hurry?' asked a vulgar looking creature, staggering up to them. 'I am just in time to be a beau for you'—and he caught hold of Marian's veil.

A loud shriek was the reply, and in the next instant a powerful arm prostrated the reeling figure upon the pavement; and a voice, which Marian thought she had heard before, begged her not to be frightened, but permit him to protect her home; an offer which she was glad to accept. The stranger bade her good night, at the threshold, and the agitated girl hastened to inform her mother of her indifferent success.

It was at an early hour, the next morning, that a gentle rap was heard at the Widow's door, and a young man of very prepossessing appearance, habited in the plain garb of a mechanic, entered, and gave Miss Hamilton a card, containing Mrs. Brownson's compliments, accompanied by a bank note of some considerable amount.

'There must be some mistake here,' said Marian, 'I did not expect half so much.'

'But she has examined them by daylight,' replied the stranger.

Marian colored to the very temples—not so much at the remembrance of the ill treatment of the preceding evening, to which the stranger's words recalled her, as at the sound of a voice which it seemed to her she had twice heard before, and which, she all at once recollected to have gone so far as to dream about. The young man perceiving her confusion, and not suspecting, probably, its cause, soon took his departure; not, however, until he

had obtained permission of Mrs. Hamilton to return with an eminent physician, a friend of his, to see the sick boy, who was evidently getting worse. He soon came back with the worthy Doctor, who pronounced the child in very precarious circumstances. From this time the young stranger, whom the Doctor called Mr. Clayton, became a constant visiter at Widow Hamilton's, somewhat to the good lady's surprise. It might, be sure, be from a feeling of sympathy at their unprotected situation; or, from a humane desire to assist in taking care of the sick boy. But Marian's ever-varying cheek told that she suspected a far different story. Besides, his visits continued after little James' recovery. Ay—and long after the restoration of Mrs. Hamilton's eyes to the blessed light of heaven, by the removal of those painful cataracts through the skill of Mr. Clayton's eminent physician. What then could it be?

'We had almost given up looking for you this evening;' said Mrs. Hamilton, as Horace Clayton seated himself between her and Marian; 'and we were getting melancholy. For you have been with us so long—have ministered so kindly to us in sickness—have mingled so cheerfully in our devotions—that a day seems lost without you. Indeed you seem to fill the place of our dear Robert.'

'Would to heaven! my dear madam,' he replied, 'that you *would* consider me as another "dear Robert"—and he glanced significantly at the blushing Marian. 'Must I speak plainer?' he continued, after a moment's silence—'must I tell you how very—very necessary to my happiness is the possession of this inestimable girl?' taking in his own, Marian's trembling hand.

Mrs. Hamilton looked confused. 'I had not thought of this,' she answered, after a long pause. 'Besides, you know not what you ask. I am alone, as it were—Robert is a great way off—and how do you suppose I can think of parting with Marian, Mr. Clayton—WITH MARIAN?'

'Pardon me, my dear madam,' he replied, 'I was not so cruel as to think of Marian's leaving you. Indeed, I could hardly love her, if she were willing to do so, under existing circumstances. My desire is, that we shall all live together. My provident father made me, in early life, master of *two* trades, and I have no doubt but we can render ourselves a very comfortable and happy family.'

The face of the Widow brightened up, but she would

not consent to tax him with such a burthen, until, from repeated assurances to the contrary, and an appealing look from Marian, she concluded it to be the best way.

'But, I forget,' said she, as her eye caught the heartfelt smile that played upon Marian's lip, 'there may yet be an impediment to your union. I trust, Mr. Clayton, that you are perfectly acquainted with the liberality of my child's religious sentiments. Her faith, I trust, is firm, though in a proscribed religion, and you may not covet the honor of having for a wife a decided Universalist.'

'This shall be no objection;' replied he, gravely; 'for had my prejudices against this sect been ever so great, the piety of my dear Marian would long since have done them away. No, believe me, this shall never cause difficulty.'

The final arrangements were then made. The wedding was to take place in a few weeks, and Marian wrote to Robert, requesting his attendance; but he returned for answer, that he could not, possibly, leave. The ceremony was therefore performed only in the presence of the family at home, Dr. — and an invalid lady, to whom Marian had rendered many services. The morning was a beautiful one, and as Mrs. Hamilton had not been out since the recovery of her sight, Mr. Clayton proposed her accompanying him and Marian in a short drive to their 'cottage home,' as he romantically termed his place of residence, 'that they might judge of its comforts and convenience,' he said, 'before moving.'

'And may not I go to-morrow?' asked Rose.

'And I?' said Lewellyn.

'And I, too?' said little James.

'Yes, dears, you may all go to-morrow,' replied Mr. Clayton, kissing them severally; and jumping into the hack, they were soon out of sight.

'You may stop here, driver,' said Mr. Clayton, as they reached an almost princely residence, a short distance from town.

'And why here, Horace?' inquired Marian, looking surprised.

'Oh,' said he, smiling, 'your mother is fatigued by this time, and as I am on very intimate terms with the gentleman who resides here, I thought we would just take a peep into his bachelor's hall while the horses are resting; the ladies accordingly alighted.'

'What a splendid situation!' exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, gazing admiringly upon the spacious marble mansion and its highly-finished out-houses.

'Your friend must be very wealthy, Mr. Clayton.'

'He is worth many thousands, madam,' was the reply.

'And oh, what beautiful, *beautiful* scenery!' ejaculated Marian, as she looked from the porch upon the far-stretched hills and meadows, through which ran streams of silver beauty. 'Mother, we are in a perfect paradise.'

They soon entered an elegantly furnished parlor, where Marian found many rich paintings to admire, one of which particularly riveted her fancy.

'Here mother,' said she, 'is a beautiful likeness of our own beloved John Murray. It cannot be possible, Horace, that your friend is a Universalist?'

'He is,' was the answer, 'and his enemies say a very *bigoted* one; and if zeal is one of the symptoms of bigotry, they may say true, for he displays the most zeal in what the "good people" term a "bad cause" of any one I ever saw.'

'Oh, how I should like to see him,' said Marian.

'You shall have the privilege before long,' replied Mr. Clayton, smiling at her eager enthusiasm. 'But now, while your mother is viewing his reverence, let us look into the next room.'

It was a large library; and Marian was delighted at the array of richly bound books, which met her eye in every direction. But what was her pleasure and astonishment, to behold, in a shaded corner of the room, what proved to be a harp—ay, upon examination, the very harp she had some months before, sold, to fee her brother's lawyer!

'What does this mean?' exclaimed she, almost gasping for breath—'Is this my very own, *own* harp? What can it mean?'

'It means, dearest,' whispered Clayton, affectionately kissing her cheek, 'that my sweet Marian is henceforth mistress of the place she has so flatteringly called a paradise, and that her husband, knowing he could not do too much for one so deeply loved, has purchased back her harp, that she may often be reminded of the dear father who gave it, and who is now an angel among the blest.'

'Oh, this is too, *too* much,' sobbed out the grateful girl upon his bosom. 'If Robert were only here now?'

'Robert is here,' exclaimed a well-known voice, and in the next moment, the son and brother was in their arms. It was a bewildered looking group. Robert gazed a moment upon Mr. Clayton, then turning to his mother and sister, begged to know what accident had brought them to the house of the 'People's Lawyer'?

'*The People's Lawyer!*' exclaimed they in a breath.

It would be useless to attempt describing the scene which followed this announcement. It will suffice to say, that Mr. Clayton made an explanation, which showed that he was, unequivocally, 'the People's Lawyer,' who, having accidentally overheard the conversation between Merchant Ward and Robert, and being thereby thoroughly convinced of the honesty of the latter, determined to save him, although a stranger. He saw and admired Marian at the house of Mrs. Brownson, and determining that she should love him for himself, alone, he disguised himself, as he had often done before, in the dress of a common working man, (to which he seemed entitled, as his father had, through caprice, given him two trades,) and had succeeded in winning the heart of one, whose virtues were the effects of a doctrine dearer to him than his own life. He had written a statement of his situation, under injunctions of secrecy, to Robert's employer, and through him requested Robert's presence at his house at a given hour, on *special* business, 'which business,' said he, taking him affectionately by the hand, 'is, that you should leave New-York, and make us all happy, by taking up your abode with us, where you shall have abundant opportunity of glorifying, with us, your heavenly Father, by doing good to your fellow-creatures.'

'Oh, our God hath dealt very, *very* bountifully by us, my dear children,' exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, raising her streaming eyes to heaven 'let us not neglect to acknowledge our heartfelt gratitude at the footstool of his great mercy.'

And those happy children knelt around their beloved mother, and listened to a prayer as humble, as fervent, as eloquent, as ever fell from human lips. And the pure devotion and piety, inspired by the belief of, and trust in, God's impartial, universal grace—thus tested by adversity, suffering, and temptation—continued brightly to glow, and give light to all around in the hour of prosperity, enjoyment, and triumph.

THE
TRIUMPH OF TRUTH:

A TALE,

WRITTEN FOR THE

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER

AND

Philadelphia Universalist.

BY MRS. SARAH F. DWYER.

HUDSON:

PRINTED BY ASHBEL STODDARD.

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1837.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

THE summer of 1828 was passed on the Hudson river, near the Highlands; the scenery of which is described by travelers as not surpassed by any on the globe. I took leave of some kind friends in the beginning of autumn, the season of all others most delightful, and which is replete with moral, as well as with natural beauty. My baggage was conveyed on board one of our commodious steam-boats, and as we advanced rapidly towards the city of New-York, the face of the country as we passed along, though always grand, I thought never presented so magnificent an appearance as then; the trees, clothed in their gorgeous autumn dress, seemed sprinkled with every tint of the rainbow; while only here and there a green shrub was left standing, as if to remind one more forcibly of the decay of nature.

The occasion of my somewhat premature return to town was in compliance with an invitation from a friend and distant connexion, to attend the wedding of her youngest daughter. Independently of my regard for the family, I would not willingly have missed being present on so joyful an occasion.—There is something to me particularly pleasing, in witnessing a marriage ceremony; when the parties are brought together by those pure and holy feelings, that refine and ennoble our being, where age, condition, and ennobling sentiment, unite in moulding and harmonizing two minds into one, imparting on the one hand, strength and firmness, and receiving on the other in exchange, the tender and refined susceptibilities, that fill the heart with new beauties, and fill the heart with indescribable happiness, that had hitherto

only in the imagination, and seemed too bright for reality. I saw the ceremony performed, that bound together two beings whose hearts had long been fondly, fervently united; and as the aged Man of God pronounced the solemn nuptial benediction, and the beautiful bride raised her tearful eyes, to receive the congratulations of her assembled friends—I thought I had never beheld a marriage contracted under more favorable auspices; and looking through the bright vista of future years, beheld with every new tie an additional source of happiness, that would flourish through a well spent life, and accompany their beatified spirits into a happy eternity.

Lucy Seymour was the youngest, and only unmarried daughter of a highly respectable family, who had bestowed the utmost attention to the education of their children, and who were well rewarded for their cares by this amiable girl. She was all that the fondest parent could desire, or the heart of man covet as a companion. Full well did the favored lover know the value of the gift bestowed upon him; and as Mr. Seymour placed the hand of Lucy, in that of Charles Allison, and besought him in the plenitude of his feelings, to be more than a parent to his child, and never to add one unnecessary pang to the young bosom committed to his keeping—he pressed the inestimable treasure to his lips; and vowed on that fair hand, never to forget the solemn obligations of that moment. And well was Charles Allison qualified to perform the sacred duties of a husband, and to cherish the delicate being who in the full confidence of a devoted heart, was willing to leave the tried friends of her infancy and more mature age, for other friends, and a new state of society and duties.

We fear the calculating mind of man does not sufficiently value the first gush of holy feeling that animates the bosom of a wife ; that he does not always appreciate the strength, and depth, and purity of woman's love ; or share with her in the full tide of tenderness which accompanies the surrender of her heart and person into the keeping of him who is at once the guardian of her happiness and honor. That he does not always bear these sentiments in mind, is too often shown in the quick reply and impatient contradiction, which awakens the young wife from a dream of bliss, to see that her path though strewed with flowers, is not entirely divested of thorns. Yet little had the wife of Charles Allison to apprehend from unkindness ; his whole nature was one of kindness and love ; and from having been a dutiful and affectionate son to an afflicted father, whose latter years were soothed with the filial attentions, and animated virtues which were constantly exercised to cheer the chamber of disease and smooth the pillow of decay ; he passed onward to become the protector of innocence, with a modest sense of his own unswerving integrity, and a confidence in his capability to perform the sacred trust.

The father of Charles had been a successful merchant ; and upon resigning business to his son, found that his means were sufficiently ample for all the comforts of life, and something left to bestow upon the destitute and suffering. He was bereaved of a tenderly loved wife when Charles was about seventeen ; an age when the latter first began to feel the charm of female society, and could appreciate and admire the strength and purity of female character. The veneration in which he held the memory of this excellent

parent, inspired him with a respect and tenderness for the sex, that was always observable in his attention to them. He was a scholar, and a man of talent; and under a perfect calmness of demeanor, you could see the struggles of genius, with a melancholy that tempered the soarings of a splendid fancy, and subdued the towering flights of ambition. Yet his character received its last, best polish from the affliction with which it pleased the All-wise disposer of events to visit him in the death of his father, who had long been the subject of a lingering, chronic complaint, which at times occasioned the most excruciating agony. As Charles never left him, except when obliged by business, he was a constant witness of the efficacy of religion, in teaching patience to the sufferer, and in supporting the drooping mind when bowed by the weakness of protracted and severe disease; of that religion that never permits its possessor to doubt of the goodness and wisdom that allows the approach of suffering, and enables him to triumph over the terrors of the destroyer. It was while thus engaged, that the understanding of Charles became enlightened with the truths of christianity, and received the peace of that gospel that was delivered to Abraham, and renewed unto Isaac, and to Jacob, and has been preached by all God's holy prophets since the world began. It was then, and under these circumstances, that he became a believer in the universal goodness and mercy of God, who designed from the beginning, and will accomplish, the final restoration of all mankind to a state of holiness and happiness. It was in this belief his father lived, and in this belief he died.

If there is one religion more than another that is calculated to give a man a proper knowledge

of his Maker and to instruct him in the duty he owes both God and man, it is this. Universalism is the most humble, and its possessor the least presuming of any other class of christians; he feels the unmeasurable distance that exists between him and Deity, and while deploring his own unworthiness, can only follow the example of the Saviour, who was sent as a pattern and guide; and who has declared, that because he lives we shall live also. How many are the consolations of the Universalist! Though the judgments of God strike him with awe; yet are they divested of terror. He sees and acknowledges the hand of a father who will afflict in measure, and in mercy. And how diffuse his joys! In the lone watches of the night, when all nature is hushed and silent, fear might arise from the awful stillness of the hour, were it not for the knowledge that the ever watchful eye of Jehovah is upon us, in all hours and in all seasons; who gives the seed time and the harvest—who causes his sun to rise, and his rain to fall on the just and on the unjust. It was this knowledge of the character of God that filled the heart of Charles with peace, even in the chamber of death, and though bowed beneath the blow, he did not sorrow as those who have no hope.

After returning from paying the last sad duty that humanity requires at our hands, the melancholy thought rushed across his heart, that he was now alone! and with the exception of the fond girl to whom he was betrothed, there was not one being interested in his happiness. How desolate was the house of mourning, now that its loved inmate was removed! He could not reconcile his mind to think they should meet no more; and as he wandered from room to room, he fancied he

could still hear the feeble voice of the sufferer, whose latest breath was employed in speaking peace, and hope, to sooth the pang of parting. Kind father of a noble son ! thy pious cares were rewarded in the patient submission that did not permit a single sigh to disturb the tranquillity with which thou passedst into the presence of thy Maker !

The recent loss Charles had sustained did not permit him on his marriage to indulge in the gaieties usual on such occasions ; and after a short excursion in the country, the happy couple returned to town, prepared to enter on their new duties with all the steadiness of people a twelve month married. The character of Charles contrasted strangely, yet not inharmoniously with that of his young wife ; sorrow for the loss of his parents had given a mild seriousness to his manner, that was happily relieved by the playful gaiety of Lucy, who, though she could not enter into his feelings, loved him the better for having suffered ; and regarded him, as indeed he was—the model of a perfect man.

The circle of their acquaintance was rather select, than extensive, and Charles saw his beautiful wife equally respected for her domestic graces, as admired for her social ones. His house was the abode of hospitality and friendship, and insensibly he began to lose much of his habitual gravity, and when surrounded by a polished few, a change passed over his tranquil temperament, and if he convinced by the depth and clearness of his reasoning, he could also please by the brilliancy of imagination, that threw a charm over his conversation, and showed him to be equally a man of taste, as of sound philosophy. At such moments Lucy would gaze upon her

husband with a mixture of admiration and awe. His lofty sentiments and pure principles, sounded to her wrapt spirit like inspiration, and but for the sudden turn of thought that broke the spell of the moment, she would have been in danger of idolizing, where she should only respect and love.

‘Is it not singular, Charles,’ said Lucy one evening as they were sitting together, ‘that although you are never as gay as I am, you are uniformly more cheerful and happy?’

‘And have I not every reason to be happy, my dear wife,’ said Charles, drawing her to his bosom, ‘while blest with the affection of your excellent self; and should I not be a monster of ingratitude to be otherwise than cheerful, while receiving from the hands of my Maker the boundless benefits I am permitted to enjoy?’

‘Oh yes; and I also have the same reason for cheerfulness, and yet I cannot always feel so. Perhaps,’ said she, after a short pause, ‘your spirits are under better discipline than mine; or perhaps your religion it is, that raises you above the things of earth, and occasions me sometimes to almost envy you the possession of feelings I have tried, but in vain to enjoy.’

Charles did not reply, and Lucy continued—
 ‘You know my love, that my parents entertain different religious sentiments from yourself; and that I have been brought up in their belief, though I scarcely know what that was, or thought much about it, until I became your wife. I heard Universalists sometimes spoken of, but always as a sort of infidels, which I am convinced was a slander upon the name, yet I cannot clearly see how all mankind are to be saved, or divest myself of the fear, that myself, and dearest friends, may *be hereafter miserable*. These thoughts frequent-

ly intrude on me, and cause me more unhappiness than I can well express ; yet I do not permit my mind to dwell on these subjects, they make me too miserable, and I drive them from me.'

'Oh Lucy ! I would sacrifice much, any thing in fact, short of yourself, to be the humble instrument of teaching you a world's salvation. Oh, if I could but clear your mind from the doubts caused by an erroneous education, and convince you of the impartial goodness of God towards all his sinful creatures, and prevail on you to examine for yourself into the character and attributes of Deity, I should hold much of this world's good a trifle in comparison.'

'I cannot doubt your sincerity, my dear Charles ; but is it not possible even you may deceive yourself ?'

'No, Lucy, I cannot be deceived. The truth that was forced upon my understanding in the chamber of sickness, that was spoken by the lips of the suffering, is too real to be doubted. Could you have seen my beloved parent, with drops of agony upon his pale brow, striving to subdue even in his countenance, the expression of pain, that was racking his whole frame ; have heard his lips in every interval speak praises to the great Being who enabled him to bear these afflictions ; you would have thought that religion genuine, and have embraced the faith that yielded such confidence and peace.'

Lucy listened with interest, while Charles then went on to explain the kind purposes of God toward his creature man, as revealed to us by his holy word, and if she was not convinced by his arguments, she at least did not object to them.

'What a happy couple Allison and his wife

are ;' said Henry Selvin to his friend Rogers, as they descended the marble steps, after spending an evening with Charles and Lucy. 'I would give the world to possess the affections of so lovely a creature.'

'She is indeed a charming woman, and I think our friend Charles fortunate in his choice.'

'And is that all! 'pon my soul, Rogers that phlegmatic temperament of yours will one day turn your heart into an isicle; unless indeed Cupid takes charge of it for you before then. Why I could adore such a being. What inimitable grace and sweetness! And then the charming *naivette* which betrays her affection for her husband! Charles is indeed an enviable man.'

Such were the general expressions of all who saw them; and upon the birth of a son, in a little more than a year from the time of their marriage, their happiness was if possible increased. The new duties demanded from Lucy, gave an additional energy to her character, and produced in her bright countenance an expression of deeper feeling and softness, than it had ever worn; and it was delightful to watch the animated expressions of hope in her speaking face, while laying out plans for the education of this darling boy. Ah! who that saw them then, could have believed that so dark a day was before them.

Would I could now take leave of this happy family, while blest with the fruition of every earthly good. That I could now leave them in possession of the tranquillity they so well deserved to possess; but as it is the acknowledged duty of a faithful historian to relate the fall, as well as rise of empires, and the causes that tend to produce these disasters; I, also as an humble biographer, must proceed to my painful task.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were members of a presbyterian church, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. ———, who for more than thirty years had lived in the affections of his people; and who had ministered to the spiritual necessities of a numerous congregation with the meekness and fidelity of a servant of the most High. He was taken from his congregation in about a year, from the commencement of this tale. His place was supplied by a young clergyman who had been but a few years engaged in the ministry, and whose zeal in saving sinners, (not 'from their sins,' but) from an endless hell, was worthy a better cause. The Rev. Mr. Grey, soon discovered that his predecessor had been sadly negligent of his flock: and that it was his duty to arouse them from a state of false security, and to warn them of the dangerous precipice over which they were pending. Mr. Seymour was chosen a deacon, soon after the installation of the Rev. Mr. Grey into office. This produced an intimacy between the families, which the Rev. gentleman soon improved to his own advantage. He found Mr. and Mrs. Seymour pious without hypocrisy, and as they spoke of their family without reserve, he soon found means to avail himself of the confidence of Mrs. Seymour, and to make it subservient to his own purpose. In common with limitarian preachers of all denominations, he had an implacable dislike to Universalists, and did not hesitate on every occasion to traduce that class of christians. He could not conceal his astonishment, therefore, on learning that one of their daughters was married to a Universalist; and as he heard Charles extolled for his christian virtues, and his name never mentioned but with affection; he could not subdue his chagrin, and

expressed his disapprobation in no very gentle terms.

Mrs. Seymour was surprised; for with Lucy, though she could not join in his belief, she yet wished it to be true, and admired the liberality of the sentiments he so openly avowed. The anathemas of Mr. Grey struck her as being uncharitable in the extreme, and she endeavored to convince him that he was mistaken in the character, and sentiments of those he so freely denounced, but in vain. He was not to be appeased, and it was only by promising to awake her daughter Mrs. Allison from her state of danger, that she could compromise with the offended feelings of her clerical adviser.

In a short time there was quite an excitement produced in the society. Instead of the Thursday evening lectures that the good old Dr. ——— had rendered so interesting to both old and young, there was now prayer meetings twice a week, and an inquiry meeting once a fortnight. Societies were established to raise funds for the missionary cause, and the ladies agreed to meet once a week for the purpose of making up fancy articles that would enable them at the end of the year to hold a Fair for the sale of these gew-gaws, the proceeds of which were to purchase a life membership in the bible society for the new minister. Mrs. Seymour was led to take an active part in all these new meetings, by Mr. Grey and his coadjutor, Mrs. Grundy, a lady who left a large and interesting family to the entire management of servants, while she entered warmly into all Mr. Grey's plans, for increasing his popularity.

'Really Mrs. Seymour,' said Mrs. Grundy, '*we must call and take Mrs. Allison to the sew-*

ing society this afternoon. She spends too much of her time at home, and we must enlist her services in this good work. I am obliged to neglect my family, but the Lord's work must not be put by, and our zeal must animate the younger part of the congregation.'—Mrs. Seymour recollected the conversation she held with Mr. Grey respecting her daughter and son-in-law; and she thought this would be a good opportunity to prove to him that she remembered her promise. As Lucy prepared to accompany them, the many orders she gave the nurse respecting her infant excited the animadversion of Mrs. Grundy, who laughingly asserted that although she had left a house full of babies, she had not issued so many orders concerning them in a month. Lucy joined the laugh against herself, but wondered in her own mind how a mother could be so neglectful of her family.

'Well ladies,' said Mr. Grey on entering the vestry room, where were seated two or three dozen females, all plying their needles as if their very bread depended on their exertions. 'I may indeed compare you with the pious females of old, who were never tired of good works. Ah! Mrs. Allison, have I the pleasure of seeing you here! Though this is the first, I hope it may not be the only time the society will have the pleasure of your assistance.'—Lucy blushed, but she did not reply; for she knew not that Charles would approve of her promising to meet with them every week. She was saved from farther notice, however, for the numerous questions of, 'How is Mrs. Grey?' and 'I hope the dear little angels are all well?' &c. &c. obliged Mr. Grey to turn his attention from her.

For several weeks Lucy did meet with them, and became so much interested in the progress of

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lars are gained in this way from the thought
and extravagant, who perhaps would refuse
aid were the proper object of the society
known; but we repeat—that cause must be
appreciated that is obliged to resort to artifice
to obtain support.

‘Lucy my love,’ said Charles, returning
one afternoon earlier than usual, ‘I expect
a couple of friends here shortly, who will take
and spend the evening with us. But merc
me, what a litter the room is in! chairs, tables,
carpet, all covered with, what shall I call them?
Pray let these things be cleared away.’

‘They can be removed to the sofa, and some
thing covered over them; as I have them
arranged, I do not wish them taken away.’

‘But what are all these things for? I can
attach any value to some of those trifles.’

‘Oh you are mistaken, my dear, some of these
trifles as you call them, will sell for a great
more than their value; and Mrs. Grundy
our fair will be something to be proud of.’

‘Then my dear wife let me advise *you* at least
not to be engaged in so disingenuous a trade
where by your own account things worth scarce
any thing, are to be palmed upon the ignorant
the money that might perhaps be better employed
in relieving the sick and necessitous.’

‘I have never considered it in that light,’
Lucy somewhat disconcerted, ‘and if I had
expected your displeasure, I certainly should
have engaged in assisting the society; but shall
I retract now, what would they think? and
what excuse could I make for so doing, and, and—’

‘What would Mrs. Grundy say? What
that what you were going to add Lucy

Charles smiling, 'Why she would give you credit, perhaps, for having the good taste to prefer fulfilling your private duties, rather than to take upon yourself others, whose tendency is at least doubtful,'

'But what hurt can they possibly do?' said Lucy; and her eyes filled with tears.

Charles instantly assumed a serious air. 'Any thing that tends to foster pride, is a sin; and as ministers are but men, when they are unduly exalted, it is but natural to suppose they may feel spiritual pride, in being thus raised above their fellows. As young females usually attend at these fairs, and act as saleswomen, I certainly think the practice detracts much from that retiring delicacy, so beautiful in a female that her character can scarcely be considered perfect without it. The plan also of affixing extravagant prices to the articles vended, and urging them upon customers, is calculated to give them habits of trickery that is far from being to their advantage. But go now and prepare for the reception of our guests; and chase that cloud from your brow. I had rather these things were all thrown in the fire, than they should occasion you a minute's uneasiness.'

As Lucy sat at work, the day after this conversation, she determined to finish what work she then had by her for the society, and to excuse herself from taking any more, as she was sensible it occupied more of her time, than she could well spare—when Charles entered the room, and expressed his fears that their little Edward was seriously ill.—'You called my attention to him a few days since,' he observed, 'but I did not then think anything more was the matter, than the little sickness children at his age are sometimes troubled with, but he now appears to have some fe

and nurse says he was very restless all night, and has not slept any this morning.

'I am obliged to proceed a few miles from town this afternoon, and may not return until late in the evening; should he appear to get worse during my absence, do not fail in sending for Dr. M. he may be worse than we think for.'

Lucy assured her husband he should be obeyed, and that she would sit by and watch him. She took her sewing accordingly, and proceeded to the nursery, where for some time his pitiful moanings excited her alarm, but as he gradually sunk into a slumber her hopes again revived, and she thought it unnecessary to send at present for the doctor.

About four o'clock she was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Grundy, who said she had come to take tea with her in a friendly way, and should insist upon Mrs. Allison's accompanying her afterwards to hear a missionary sermon, which was to be preached, and a collection afterwards taken up to aid the missionary cause. In vain Lucy excused herself. Mrs. Grundy would take no excuse. She had promised Mr. Grey to bring her, and she never broke her promises. Lucy mentioned the illness of her child. 'Pho,' said Mrs. Grundy, 'were I to stay at home every time one of my children complains, I should be constantly tied there. I suppose he is only cutting teeth, and you had better order his nurse to give him a little paregoric, that will quiet him.'

Lucy again objected to leaving home, but these objections were overruled by her visitor. She said Mr. Grey had noticed with pleasure the interest Mrs. Allison took in the society, and that she had promised him to induce her to attend more frequently their other meetings. As you do not profess the same belief that your husband does, she con-

tinued, he has great hopes of you.' This was intended to be complimentary, but Lucy did not consider it so; and she felt greater reluctance to attend her, than she cared to express. She was not resolute enough to give a firm refusal, and the reflection that Mr. Grey was so observant of her conduct, decided, though it distressed her. As evening advanced, Lucy went into another room to put on her things. 'I shall wish,' said she to herself, 'I never had any thing to do with the society, if I am to be compelled in this manner to leave home whether I wish or no. And what can I say to my husband on his return, when he finds I have spent the evening abroad, and the child so ill?' As she again entered the parlor she almost regarded Mrs. Grundy with feelings of aversion; 'and she is the cause of all my perplexity,' thought Lucy, and in this mood she departed.

It is not to be supposed that she enjoyed much of the sermon, which seemed to her of intolerable length: and when the collection was about being made, she discovered that she had forgotten to provide for it, and whispered her neglect to Mrs. Grundy. 'Never mind,' said that lady, 'I have change with me that I will let you have; and you can return it to-morrow.' said she, with a smile of complacency, at the same time putting a ten dollar bill into the hand of Lucy. She was startled at the sum, but a false shame prevented her from returning it. She took leave of Mrs. Grundy at the church door, and as she jostled through the crowd and was obliged to find her way home alone, she resolved never to attend another evening meeting unsanctioned, and unprotected by her husband.

As she reached her own door, a carriage stopped, and while the servant was answering the bell, her husband jumped from it and flew up the steps.—'Why Lucy!' he exclaimed as the door opened, and the light from the hall lamps shone directly upon them, 'Can I believe my senses! You out, and alone, at this time of night?' 'Oh! madam, poor little master Edward'——'What of him?' gasped the conscience stricken mother, sinking on a settee. 'He is dying!' said the girl. 'Dying did you say?' almost shrieked Lucy, as she flew, rather than walked to the nursery. 'Has a physician been sent for?' Charles breathlessly demanded of the girl, who was weeping in the hall. 'No Sir; nurse was waiting for my mistress to return before she sent.' 'Go quick—go instantly,' he exclaimed, 'Dr. M.' and with quivering lips, and a beating heart,

ascended to the room where lay his pride and hope, apparently in the agonies of death, on the nurse's lap.

'How am I to account for all this, Lucy?' said Charles, approaching the bed on which she had thrown herself.

'Only by considering me an unnatural mother, and a worse wife. Oh!' said she bursting into an agony of tears, 'I must forever accuse myself of being the destroyer of my darling boy, and I shall never know peace again.'

'No, Lucy; should our worst fears be realized you must not accuse yourself. It belongs to Him who sitteth above the heavens, either to give or to take life; and I trust our little cherub may yet be spared us.'

'Had I obeyed your commands, or observed my own promises, this misery might have been prevented. I was prevailed on by Mrs. Grundy to accompany her to church this evening, much against my inclination; and my child, I fear, must fall a sacrifice to his mother's indecision of character.'

The entrance of Dr. M. put a stop to the farther unbraidings of her conscience, which smote her, as the Dr. after examining the symptoms of the child, asked why he had not been sent for sooner. 'I find,' he continued, 'two of the teeth on the lower jaw nearly through, but a thin membrane covers them. This has occasioned all the mischief, and must be separated before we can hope the little sufferer will have relief.' He instantly produced a case of pocket instruments, from which he selected a gum lancet; and approaching the unconscious innocent, who did not now resist the touch of a stranger's hand, severed the inflamed membrane: but the same breath that announced the performance of the operation, trembled as it said—'the last pang is over.'

Language would fail me should I attempt to describe the misery of the bereaved parents; the grief of the unhappy mother knew no bounds. In vain Dr. M. (who was the friend as well as physician of the family) endeavored to comfort her. Like Rachel she refused to be comforted, and the morning found her pale and exhausted from her emotions. The worthy Dr. did not leave till he saw her fall into a sound slumber. He then advised Charles to endeavor to procure some rest for himself, and left the house that but a day previous was the abode of cheerfulness, now weeping for the loss of its cherished hope.

The day arrived for the funeral, (which Mr. and Mrs. Seymour requested might be attended by Mr. Grey. To this Charles yielded a reluctant assent,) and an invitation

was accordingly given. But who can describe the feelings of the sorrowing parents, when, after a short prayer in which he did not ask for consolation to the mourners but expressed a belief that the babe was taken as a punishment for the obstinate heresy of one parent, and to facilitate the conversion of the other, he began explaining the doctrine of original sin, and fearlessly asserted the damnation of infants, who were born of unregenerate parents. Shocking as this was to the feelings of all present, it amounted to horror in the wretched mother, when the question was asked—‘And think you the professions of the parents of this child, have been able to save it from the flames of torment?’ She could bear no more, but shrieked with the wildness of a maniac.

‘Forbear, Sir,’ said Charles, rising; while the deadly paleness of his countenance told of the internal struggles he endured, ‘nor longer blaspheme the character of the Most High God. The Saviour says, suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’

Mr. Grey shrunk abashed into a seat; things had gone farther than he meant they should, and he quailed beneath the calm, yet severe glance of the man whose parental feelings he had so totally disregarded.

Lucy was carried out of the room insensible, and Mr. Seymour seized the occasion to expedite the removal of the corpse, and put a stop to the indecorum that had taken place. On arriving at the grave, and while the coffin was lowering, Mr. Grey stood apart with Mr. Seymour in dogged silence. Charles waited a suitable time, and finding the minister declined speaking, he began in a solemn, and clear voice to repeat the service for the dead. As the grave was filling, he said a few words relative to his own feelings, and concluded with a prayer.

Mournfully and alone, he lingered in the church-yard long after all had retired from it; bedewing with tears the grave of his early hope; till reminded by the sexton, that it was time to close the gates.—He turned sadly to his home, but was overtaken ere he had reached it by Dr. M. who had watched for his return; and putting his hand through the Dr.’s arm, they proceeded in silence to the door. After the Dr. had visited the room to which Lucy had been conveyed, he requested to see Charles alone. ‘Allison,’ said he when they met, ‘there must be a *check given to these fanatics, or your wife will either lose her senses, or her life must be the sacrifice.*’ ‘Fool

and hypocrites,' he exclaimed with bitterness, 'they will neither permit a person to *live*, or *die* in peace; their cant follows one to the grave. And they suppose they are honoring God, too, by such persecutions! I shall insist that my patient be kept quiet, and free from excitement of any kind. She is now rational; but has a low fever, which a little agitation would send to the brain.' 'You shall be obeyed,' said Charles, as he wrung the physician's hand, and slowly turned to take his station for the night, by the bed side of his suffering companion.

The next morning found Mr. Grey at the door of the man whose feelings he had so deeply injured, requesting permission to see Mrs. Allison. This could not be granted; and as Mrs. Seymour met him in the parlor, she lamented the perverseness of her son-in-law in enforcing such commands. 'I know,' said she, 'it is her mind only that is diseased and this no medicine can cure.'

'And why not have her removed to your own house? you can easily excuse the procedure, by assigning as a reason, that the change may benefit her.'

Mrs. Seymour shook her head: 'Neither the Dr. nor her husband would give their consent.'

'Then madam, move her without. Is so amiable a creature to be endlessly lost, when you have the power to save her?'

This appeal was irresistible. 'Mr. Allison is absent now,' said she in a hesitating manner.

'Then improve, what may perhaps be your last opportunity, for securing the salvation of your child. As I return home, shall I send a carriage here?'

'Thank you for your kindness. And she went to prepare for her daughter's departure from the home of a husband, whose married life had been spent in promoting her happiness, and in anticipating even her wishes.

As Charles was returning home with a handkerchief full of fine oranges, he had been purchasing for his sick wife, he saw a carriage drive slowly from the door. 'Who was in the carriage that has just left here?' he asked of the girl who opened the door. 'Mrs. Allison, and Mrs. Seymour, Sir,' she replied, 'did you not meet them?' He was thunderstruck, 'Mrs. Allison,' said he, 'what Lucy? Send Nancy to me directly.'

He entered one of the elegantly furnished parlors that had not been dusted, and still in the disorder left by the funeral of the preceding day. 'Oh God!' he cried.

sinking upon a chair, 'thou knowest the weakness of thy servant; let me not be tried beyond what I have strength to bear.' The woman entered. 'Nancy, is Mrs. Allison indeed gone? and there was no word left for me?'

'Mrs. Seymour told me to say, she had taken Mrs. Allison home to try what effect the change would have on her. She said it was only trouble that ailed Mrs. Allison: but indeed she is very ill, and never spoke a word, or took any notice while they were taking her away.'

'That will do—see that the house is attended to as usual;' and he retired to his own apartment.

About noon the Dr. called to visit Lucy. His astonishment was unbounded when he found what had taken place; and he requested to see Charles. He entered the apartment without ceremony, and found him lying on the bed in the first stage of fever. He had not slept for several nights, and the agitated state of his feelings, combined with bodily fatigue, had produced the derangement in his system.

'How are you to day my friend?' said the Dr. kindly taking his hand. 'Bless me! in a high fever, and your pulse beating at the rate of a hundred-a minute! I must take a little blood, if you have no objections?'

'Do with me as you please, my sun of happiness has set: and what have I left worth caring for?'

'No, not set, my dear Sir, though obscured by dark clouds; which I hope to see chased before a brighter sunshine of prosperity, than you have yet known.'

Charles shook his head; and even while the physician was binding up his arm, his senses began to wander.

Dr. M. was a physician of skill and eminence; yet for days, and weeks, Charles lay on the bed of suffering, from whence it did not seem probable he would ever rise. He was resigned to death, and did not wish to recover. 'What have I left to attach me to earth?' he frequently asked himself; 'all I loved has been taken away; my child by death, and his mother kept from me by a species of refined cruelty, that is even worse than death.'

Though Mr. and Mrs. Seymour were apprised of the illness of Charles, to their disgrace be it told, they neither saw, nor inquired after him; and by the advice of Mr. Grey kept this knowledge a profound secret from Lucy. Poor Lucy! almost a prisoner in her chamber, she was *but the shadew* of her former self; so thin she looked, and melancholy, that even those who saw her daily feared

she was in a decline. Mr. Grey was a constant visitor, and labored hard to promote her conversion; but her heart had been so sorely tried, that its sluices seemed dried, and every avenue to her feelings closed forever. Nothing moved her, not even the mention of her child; and she would sit for hours together listlessly gazing upon the sky.

'And can my wife so far forget our days of happiness,' said Charles one day; (tired of the tedious monotony of a sick room,) 'as never to inquire after me? Oh Lucy, were you ill in my stead, how differently should I act: but I do not blame you,' and the recollection of the tenderness she had always shown for him, filled his eyes with tears.—'No,' said he, 'you could not repay my love with such ingratitude; and I am to thank your friends for our unhappy estrangement.'

It was on awakening from a slumber, (after having indulged in such reflections,) that he thought he heard low sobs near him. He raised himself a little on the pillow; when—did his senses deceive him, or was it indeed his wife, his Lucy kneeling at his bed side? He sank back almost deprived of sense; his motion caught her ear, she started upon her feet, and the next moment saw them locked in each others arms.

The embrace had nearly proved their last; both had fainted. Lucy was the first to recover from her insensibility by the nurse lifting her from the bed. 'Oh! do not take me from him, I will never leave him again,' said Lucy, clinging to the side of the bed. 'No, I will never, NEVER leave him while we both live.' Her voice had aroused Charles, who heard her last words. 'Then dearest, life will indeed be a gift worth coveting.'

Mrs. Seymour had charged the servants not to mention before her daughter, a syllable of her husband's illness; but she could not control her visitors. On this morning, an old lady, an humble friend, came to spend a few days with them.—While sitting in the chamber of Mrs. Allison, trying to divert her attention, among other questions, asked if she knew how very low her husband was? This question had the effect of electricity on the emaciated frame of her listener. 'He has been given up by his physician,' pursued the lady; Lucy grasped her arm. 'Where is my mother?' said she in a hollow voice. 'She has accompanied Mrs. Grundy on a morning visit to Mrs. Grey.' She heard no more; but flew with the speed of a hunted deer, nor stopped, till she had reached her husband's door.

'And will you really become my nurse Lucy? then I know I shall soon get well.' And from this happy day, he began rapidly to recover.

What wonders will not love effect? In less than a fortnight he was able to leave his room, so good a physician is happiness.

'I suppose, my dear madam,' said Dr. M. one evening, smiling upon Lucy; who was preparing some little delicacy for her husband. 'I suppose I must share with you, the credit of recovering my patient? Here I had been for weeks exhausting all the stores of Æsculapius, with scarcely any advantage, when a look and word, from you, had the magical effect of producing what I had so vainly been trying to accomplish.'

'No, my good doctor; I disclaim all merit in the case. But for you,' and she looked gratefully upon him, 'he would not have been here to receive my tardy attendance. You remained by him, when *all others* had forsaken him.'

'Or were *forced* away,' said the Dr. interrupting her. 'True we sometimes assist nature, but we cannot always save life: We are but workmen in the hands of a great Master Builder, whose will is known by the result.—— But I shall now leave my patient in your hands; as I am aware I cannot do better.' And with a cordial shake of the hand, he departed.

During the leisure his convalescence afforded, Charles employed himself in strengthening the mind of Lucy by religious conversations. 'Examine for yourself, my love, whatever bears the name of religion; and if it will agree with the duties enjoined upon us by our Lord and Master, and the observance of all which he declares necessary to our becoming followers of him, embrace it with your whole heart; it cannot lead you astray. But shun as a snare, whatever would teach us to neglect or despise our sacred duties however humble'

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, made no attempts to see their daughter or become reconciled to their son-in-law; and it was not until after the birth of her second child, that they called to see Lucy. 'It is a fine child;' said the delighted grandmother, 'how much he resembles our poor little Edward!'

'*But it is not Edward,*' sighed the tender mother; and *though Providence has since blest them with several children, yet frequently do they drop a tear to the memory of their FIRST BORN.*

PRIZE TALE.

THE
CONTRAST;

OR,

Which is the Christian?

A TALE,

WRITTEN FOR THE

New-York Christian Messenger.

AND

Philadelphia Universalist.

BY MRS. SARAH A. DOWNER.

HUDSON:

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.....

1837.

THE CONTRAST, Or which is the Christian?

‘AND now my dear mother,’ said Eudora Fleming (placing a stool under her mother’s feet, at her knitting work on the table,) ‘we shall have long afternoon; my brothers do not return till evening; and if we are not interrupted, may I hope you will relate the narrative you promised me?’

‘Most willingly, my child. I have several reasons for wishing you to become acquainted with the history of your connexions; and this afternoon I shall gratify your desire. But in order to do this I must go back into my family history and speak freely of the faults and errors of my relatives; this nothing could induce me to do but the hope of producing an impression on your mind, that will abide with you through life.

‘Your wish was simply to learn something of those cousins, whose early fate you have so often deplored, while separating the thick branches of the weeping willow growing by the side of the graves; and which so nearly hide the inscription on the white tomb-stones, as merely to leave in sight—‘Martha, aged 20, and Maria, aged 17 years; only daughters of Timothy and Susan Hansen.’ Short as these words are, and unimportant to a careless traveler; they bring with them a flood of recollections that fill the eye with tears, and swell the heart with sorrow. But to my story:

‘Your two uncles, Timothy and William, with myself, composed all the family of your grandfather Hansen. We were educated in the Episcopal form of worship, to which both my parents

were attached, and in which attachment they continued during life. My brothers were several years my seniors. Timothy, the eldest, engaged while very young in a large manufacturing business, with the father of the lady he afterwards married. My brother William studied the profession of Law, of which he has since proved himself so efficient a member; and never was there a more striking dissimilarity between two brothers than was evinced in the characters of Timothy and William, as they advanced to manhood. Timothy, proud and overbearing, possessed a restless ambition, and an eager desire for wealth, that could not be satisfied. He early became attached to a very lovely but poor girl in a neighboring village, whose parentage was respectable, and who gave to him her young affections with the promise of her hand; but he left her a prey to disappointment, and wedded the only daughter and heiress of the gentleman with whom he was a junior partner. Despicable as this was, he was a loser by it in domestic happiness at least; for his wife possessed little more than her father's immense wealth to recommend her.

‘Different, far different, was the choice of my brother William. ‘Though my daughter cannot bring you riches,’ said the gray haired father of his bride, ‘she will give you a cultivated mind; and a heart whose warmth and purity will be the best safeguards of its virtue.’ ‘Portionless she may be; but her virtues place her above rubies; and I have obtained the first of blessings,’ said the generous lover, taking the hand that was soon after his; and which true to her vow, has scattered the blossoms of cheerfulness and peace over the rugged pathway of life, in which they have had to climb.

‘As my brothers married with different views, so also they set out in life with different expectations. Timothy united himself to the Calvinistic order of religion, to please his wife and father-in-law ; and as he was fond both of power and popularity, he made obeisance to the one that he might the more readily grasp at and wield the other ; or in other words, he was willing to bow before the shrine of popular opinion, that he might exercise the power vested in their strength. Such was my brother Timothy. All the fine and noble feelings of the soul were thrown aside, or stifled by the master passion of avarice and a desire to rule. No workmen were employed by him who did not profess the same religious tenets. His charities (if giving large sums to foreign missions, and to societies for the education of young men for the ministry, can be called charities,) were confined in the same channel. None who professed a different belief were in any degree countenanced by him. On the death of my parents I took up my residence with him, and if his character as a man breathed a spirit of intolerance, in his family he was still more unamiable. It was seldom he bestowed any marks of affection upon his children ; the youngest he sometimes betrayed a fondness for ; she evidently was his favorite ; but his heart was composed of the sterner qualities of our nature, and he was feared rather than beloved. I at that time attributed his increasing austerity to the influence of the change in his religious opinions, and in consequence gave more attention to the subject.

‘Though ever opposed to the Calvinistic faith, *I found upon close investigation that my own creed was but little better ; and that opposed as*

they stand to each other, there is but a shade of difference between Calvinism and Arminianism. (The principles of the latter and those of the Church of England are substantially the same.) I had been educated in the belief of an endless hell as prepared for sinners, and a more intimate acquaintance with mankind; and above all with my own sinful heart, taught me that all men were sinners; that we were prone to evil continually, and therefore there was no chance of escape from the dreadful punishment in store for (as it appeared to me) a whole world of sinners. Miserable were my reflections. I knew I must inevitably be lost and undone. True there was a Saviour, and we were told he died for all; but what benefit was that to me when the salvation offered was conditional, and upon terms I knew it were morally impossible for myself or any other erring child of humanity to attain. 'We must become perfect, like him whose name we bear.' 'Blameless, spotless, like the Lamb of God.' And if for a long life we should maintain this perfection of christian excellence, one sinful deed at the last moment, were sufficient to blot out an age of obedience, and to send the careless sinner down to the fathomless pit of destruction, with the frowns of an angry God to wither his very soul. Oh my child this is a dreadful doctrine—the creed of Calvin is repugnant to all the dictates of reason or revelation. The man, also, excites our dislike from the spirit of persecution he evinced towards those who differed from him, in faith; and the single act he was guilty of, in burning Michael Servetus for presuming to oppose him, shows the character of the man, and stamps his name with infamy as black as those of the Romish Fathers, who deluged the sanguinary plain

Smithfield with streams of human blood, because their dying victims refused to bow before the altar of Priestcraft. Calvin sends thousands and thousands of the human race to a hell of never-ending wo, and tells of its being the *good* pleasure of God, that he might be glorified in the misery of his creatures, and that nothing can save the doomed—neither the blood of Christ nor a life of piety. We turn with shuddering horror from the presence of such a God, and our despairing souls cry for annihilation. But what was the difference between this soul-harrowing doctrine and the one in which I was brought up? None. My heart told me there was none; the conclusions we arrived at were the same—misery, *never ending* misery, to the greater portion of the human race. Oh the horrors of a life of doubt and incertitude!

‘I was aware that my brother’s principles were erroneous—that they exerted an unhappy influence upon his family economy; yet I was dissatisfied with my own, and silently saw his children reluctantly listen to the account of a God, who was depicted in any other than a pleasing character. Martha, the eldest child, was a light-hearted, volatile girl, and consequently a source of great uneasiness to her gloomy parents. Her frank nature was oftentimes pained by being told that her innocent mirth was displeasing to God, who would punish her for such sin. In short, the daily and hourly character of God, as exhibited to their view, was that of a relentless tyrant, whose service demands a surrender of whatever is pleasing or desirable in life, and that endless punishment would be the consequence of a refusal to comply with the demands. I pitied the poor children, and *wished to teach them better.* But what better *did I know?* I wished to tell them that God was

their friend, but I knew not how long he would continue a friend, and therefore I said nothing. I was very unhappy, and gladly accepted an invitation to spend a few days with my brother William. In his house all was harmony and cheerfulness.—Their little children were taught that their parents were their best friends, and exacted nothing from them but what their own happiness made it proper to demand. They were taught to obey their slightest wish, because nothing could be requested that was not intended for their good. To speak freely on all subjects, that they might be directed by the lessons of experience, that were ever ready to instruct. They were taught to consider God as their parent, and the Father of all, and to reverence and obey him in that sacred character; and that although an earthly parent may sometimes err in judgment, He cannot err, being infinite in all his attributes.

‘The first day of my visit was one of greater happiness than I had tasted for months. The unaffected kindness of my brother and his wife; the innocent endearments of their blooming family was a cordial to my drooping heart; and when the hour arrived for the little ones to retire, and unbidden they knelt down before their mother to repeat their evening prayers, and which earnestly broke from their little warm hearts in language of child like simplicity, I thought how beautiful! ‘From the mouth of babes and sucklings He hath perfected praise.’ This was what I wanted. It was love, pure love kindled at the shrine of gratitude, unquenched by the damp and noisome vapors of Partialism. But how was this to be obtained? How could they feel so, or joy in their little children, when they knew not what their fate might be?
 ‘When alone with my brother and his wife, I

mentioned to them my doubts and anxieties. I felt that unless some relief was afforded my tortured heart, I could not long survive. I expressed to them the dissatisfaction I felt in my own religious creed, where the salvation of none could be considered certain; that my brother Timothy's system of faith was still more unsatisfactory, and which I could not reconcile with the word of God; and even this pure source of light was daily becoming more and more obscure and my mind fast settling in chaotic doubt.

" 'I am the resurrection and the life,' began my brother. I started at these words, and overcome by a variety of emotions, burst into tears. 'Eliza,' said he tenderly taking my hand, 'do you ever think of the Saviour? and have you ever reflected on the import of the words just mentioned, and their connexion? 'Whosoever believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' You profess a belief in this Saviour, and yet deny his positive declaration; else why these doubts?'

'Ah, there it is, 'we shall never die.' And who would not rather *sleep*, never, never, to awake again, than to live on in an endless misery and woe?'

'And who hath taught you, sister, this was to be your fate? You never learned it in the Bible, for this teaches that in the dispensation of the fullness of times, God will gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven and which are on earth, even in him. We are told Christ was made the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only but the sins of the whole world. We are called the 'redeemed of the Lord,' and 'heirs of glory.' Why then do

torment yourself by ascribing to our Heavenly Father intentions you would shudder at an earthly parent's betraying. We are told that 'God is love,' and that he will do all his pleasure. And can the pleasure of a being, whose nature is "love," be otherwise than good? No, my sister; and good only shall be the result.'

'But this is Universalism.'

'It is Universalism, and the only doctrine found in the sacred writings. It begins with Genesis and ends but with Revelations. The promise first made to Abraham, in the twelfth chapter of Genesis, is mentioned frequently throughout the old Testament, and again repeated in the new, with the additional oath of Jehovah that this *should* be accomplished. And because he could swear by none greater, he swore by himself, that in Christ, who was the promised seed, all the nations and families of the earth should be blessed. Thus are all men made heirs of the promised glory by the immutable oath of the Creator of all flesh. This is the anchor of the soul, and were there no other declarations, this alone, this oath and promise of God, were sufficient to establish the future happiness of the great family of man. Our own sins make us aliens from God, and at war with his holy spirit—not that he was ever at enmity with us, for we read that he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that the world through him might be saved and not perish, even while we were dead in trespasses and sins. And what was it we were to be saved from? Not surely from an endless hell, for of this we have no account. But the Evangelist saves us from all doubt on the subject: "His name shall be called Jesus, (that is Saviour,) for he shall save his people from their sins."

• This, my dear Eliza, is the plan of salvation as laid down in the sacred scriptures. There are threatened punishments for sinners, and those who persist in a course of evil doing, but no where do they extend to a future state of being. We are told that the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God, and this is emphatically true. But what is hell? Is it not described to be a state of darkness, of death; is not the sinner constantly in this state while he continues to do evil? and was it any other than this David was delivered from when he says: "Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell?" We are told the way of the transgressor is hard. And is it not so? Have you, my dear sister, ever transgressed without finding it was hard; and is it not our own wickedness that makes us unhappy? But this shall not always exist. No; the power, the wish to sin, shall be subdued in us; Christ will reign till he has put all enemies under his feet, and the last enemy to be destroyed is death.

• Oh, what a world of light and immortality is now opened to our view! There shall be neither pain, nor sickness, nor sorrow—remember, Eliza, *no sorrow*—in the glorious world Christ has gone to prepare. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me;" and this, dear sister, by the strong cord of love; and "nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And now, Eliza, let me entreat you, depend no more upon the creeds of human error; but learn to consider God as he has declared himself, and as he is represented by all his holy *prophets and apostles*, and you will find him a

being of love and gentleness ; mercy and long suffering, slow to anger and a being also of justice. We desire to rob him of none of his attributes, and glory in the justice that is tempered with mercy.'

'A ray of heavenly light now rose upon my darkened soul, and that night I retired but not to my bed. Repeatedly, and on my bended knees, did I read over the consoling passages that are every where scattered through the New Testament of Life ; and with feelings of heart-felt rapture I thanked my God, that I could now understand and apply them, not only to myself but to *all*. Sweet and pleasant were my meditations, which resulted in my becoming, what I still continue—A UNIVER-
SALIST.

'As I now resided alternately with either brother, many were my opportunities for observing the different effects of their different religious principles, not only as adopted in their respective families, but in regulating their own conduct as men. I was present during a conversation between them, which I will relate, as it obviously showed the governing principle of each.

'And so, William, after marrying a beggar, you carry your folly to its utmost pitch of extravagance, by professing yourself a Universalist ; as if your situation were not already sufficiently obscure without throwing yourself entirely out of society.'

'And pray what objection, my more fortunate brother, can you have to Universalism ?'

'Objection ! oh, none, certainly. It is a very accommodating doctrine, and a very pleasant one, I make no doubt, to those who deceive themselves enough to think it is true. But let me tell you, William, your circumstances are nar-

row, and if you expect to become noticēd, or to rise in your profession you must avow other sentiments, and unite yourself to some more popular church than a Universalist one.'

'And would you have me a hypocrite? and avow a belief in what I know to be an error, for, the paltry advantage I might gain in being noticed by men whose acquaintance I do not desire, and in whose integrity I place not the confidence you appear to? I am aware that popular opinion is on the side of Partialism, and in embracing the faith of a world's salvation I was provident enough to count the cost; and no worldly advantage I might gain, or popular favor that could be bestowed on me, would in any degree compensate for the peace, and hope, and joy, this blessed belief gives me, and which is the only doctrine taught us by the word of God.'

'“Ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you!” doubtless; and when this phrenzy of feeling has passed, you may possibly condescend to learn there are minor considerations to be attended to, if you expect to make a living for your family.'

'I shall use my best endeavors to do this; the rest I leave to my Father in heaven, to give or withhold, according as he sees best.'

'Well, well, I did not come here to quarrel with your doctrine, though I believe it was invented by the arch fiend himself, my purpose was very different; and if you choose to follow my advice, and manage as I direct, you need not remain much longer the poor pettifogger you are present.'

'Speak on, that I may judge.'

'You may not possibly know that young

tow, the only child of old Deacon B. and who inherited all his father's large estate, besides an immense sum he received with his wife, is on the eve of ruin ?'

' I know he has long been on the road to ruin, and have many times warned him of what would be the inevitable consequences of his life of riot and dissipation. But I did not know his course was so nearly run, and I sincerely deplore the folly that has led to this, and pity his wife and children.'

' I am not speaking of that now ; I pity them to be sure ; but we must all do the best we can for ourselves, and if Bristow will be such a wretch, he deserves to suffer. I am told he purposes applying to you to arrange his affairs ; though they are in such a terribly confused state he has no hopes of saving any thing.—Now I know the estate to be a good one, with all these incumbrances, and can be made to pay well ; and my advice to you is—offer to settle all his debts, pay him a certain sum, and take the estate into your own hands. He will be glad to do this, for he knows no more of business than a child, and indeed is not fit to have such a place, as he cannot take care of it.'

' Are you serious, Timothy, in what you propose ?'

' Serious ! why certainly ; will there be any great difficulty in doing this ?'

' Yes, my brother. There is an insurmountable " difficulty " to my becoming such a villain. " Love thy neighbor as thyself," is the command of the blessed Master, whom I serve ; and were I to take advantage of poor Bristow's embarrassment, and turn his wife and children penniless as

it were into the street, I should become hateful to myself, as well as guilty in the sight of God.'

'But are not such things done every day? Did not his father, the old deacon, who was thought a pattern of piety, make nearly all his money by taking enormous usury? and this would only be following his example.'

'I take no man for a pattern but Him whose life was sinless; and in following his example, my brother, I cannot do this thing. If Bristow applies to me, as an honest man, and in the sight of God, I will assist him if I can.'

'This very much displeased your uncle, who called him "*a fool*" for his integrity.'

'And is not my uncle Timothy an honest man? mother,' said Eudora.

'He is considered so, as are a thousand others, who yet do not hesitate to take every advantage of the necessities of their neighbors. But to proceed—Mr. Bristow called as was expected; he appeared very wretched about the probable fate of his family; and expressed sincere contrition for the thoughtless folly that had reduced them, as he feared, to a state of beggary. He gave full power into your uncle's hands, as he knew not what was to be done or how to proceed.—Your uncle immediately advertised for all claims to be presented; these were found on examination not to be as large as were apprehended, and which the sale of some growing timber nearly covered. Arrangements were soon made for the liquidation of the remaining debts; and in a much shorter time than could have been expected, he had the satisfaction of congratulating his client on the *recovery of a clear estate* that would maintain his

family in comfort. Oh, the gratitude of the desponding husband and father! He called him his benefactor, his saviour, and from this time commenced a new course of life. Would the wresting of this man's property, though considered perfectly honest by the world, have afforded your uncle half the satisfaction he found in this upright course? No, my child, and if ever you are tempted to do wrong, call to mind the precepts and example of Christ, and I fear not for the result.

Many other circumstances might be related, illustrating the difference between genuine piety and the semblance of it only, as exhibited in the two families; and I well recollect your aunt Susan's refusing to pay a poor widow eighteen pence a day for spinning, at the very time she sent a large sum of money, besides a number of new articles of clothing, to a distant benevolent institution. The poor woman who was obliged to take a dollar for her week's work, deprecated the meanness that curtailed her established price, and tearfully bent her steps to the lowly cot, where her little family were patiently enduring wants her industry could scarce supply. And here, Eudora, I would take the opportunity of impressing on your mind, the injustice, as well as dishonesty, of reducing the price of wages. If the laborer is worthy of his hire, give it cheerfully; and encourage industry and a spirit of independence; for unless the poor are encouraged by a reasonable compensation for their services, they must either resort to crime, or take advantage of the charity of institutions, whose aid should be bestowed only on those who are unable to labor. But I know ladies who patronize almost every

charitable society, that will yet haggle about paying a poor washerwoman her just demands.

My brother Timothy's children possessed naturally good dispositions, though I saw but little of them as they advanced to maturity; the first years of my married life being spent in a distant state. On my return, after the lapse of a few years, to my native village, I found those I had left mere children, fast approaching to be men and women. James, the eldest son of William, was a fine manly youth, with all his father's virtues and his mother's gentleness of character. The other children also excited my pleasure by their refined and amiable deportment. I inquired after Timothy's family, and was grieved in hearing there existed but little intercourse between them. It appeared that the summer before, James had frequently met his cousin Martha rambling among the woods and glens of this romantic country; both were ardent admirers of nature, and a similarity of tastes led them frequently in the same haunts. The growing intimacy which their relationship authorized was displeasing to my brother Timothy, who rudely accused James of endeavoring to engage the affections of his cousin, and prohibited her in future from extending her walks beyond their own premises. Unkind as this was, it was also unjust; neither had thought of any thing beyond the pleasure they took in each other's society; and though assured of this, both by his daughter and nephew, he chose to think differently; and it was said his harshness had affected the health of Martha, who was in a rapid decline.

I called on them the next day, and soon per-

ceived that the displeasing traits in Timothy's disposition had increased with his years. His wife, also, appeared more formal and self-righteous than ever. I requested to see my niece and was shown into her room. She had always been very dear to me from a child, and I now beheld her a slight and elegant woman, with the symptoms of decay written in characters too legible to be mistaken, and which, like the gleams of a beautiful sunset, are thrown over the victims of consumption, growing brighter and brighter, till near the period they are entirely withdrawn from our view. I was instantly recognized. 'Dear Aunt,' said she, throwing her slender arms around me, 'how often have I thought of you, and wished for your counsel to direct me. But you will now reside among us, and the little while I remain on earth will be blessed with your society.'

'Yes, Martha; but you are not lonely I presume? your parents, your sister——' Oh, I am not complaining,' said she, quickly; 'but yet I am very often alone. Everard is now at College, and Maria does not like to sit much in a sick chamber; and when my parents are with me they always avoid the subjects of conversation I most delight in.'

'But I trust you have been made acquainted with sources of consolation independent of all these? There is a fountain, dear girl, whose streams are never dry, from whence we may draw lasting pleasure and enjoyments, that will fit us for our sometimes hard duty in this world, and prepare us for a life of righteousness beyond the grave.'

'Yes, dear aunt, though it is but lately I have

known this truth, or took pleasure in the word that is now my only comfort ; and until I conversed with my cousin James, I did not love God or delight in the Holy Scriptures. He led my mind from the contemplation of nature, ' up to nature's God,' and now I know God loves all his creatures. I dwell with rapture on his character, and adore the love that gave to us a Saviour ; and I think if I could once more see my cousin, and thank him for portraying these truths, I should meet death contentedly.

' The wish was natural, and I promised to speak to her father on the subject. ' See him ! ' he exclaimed, a frown of hatred settling on his dark brow. ' *Never shall she see him*, if I have power to prevent it. Would you have me admit to the bedside of my dying daughter, one whose relationship I disclaim ? who has taught my child disobedience ; who has destroyed the religious principles instilled into her mind from infancy ; who taught her to mock at the piety of her parents, and who has infused into her wicked heart the illusive hopes of his own accursed doctrine ! And after all this, you urge me to admit him, that he may insult me to my face, by the avowal of his hateful principles ! ' ' Brother,' said I, interrupting him, ' I cannot hear this. You know you are slandering an innocent person. ' ' I care not,' said he passionately ; ' Eliza, I know your principles well ; and rather than permit a child of mine to believe in the doctrines you so artfully uphold, I would—yes I would sooner see them become Infidels—or lay dead before me.'

' I shrunk back with instinctive horror ; alas, *my child*, it is no light thing to provoke the judgments of God, and fearfully has this since

come to pass. I returned to the sick room to relate the ill success of my mission. For a moment a tear trembled in her eye, but was quickly brushed aside. 'I see how it is,' said she; 'Father is only angry with James for believing in a different doctrine: but I shall meet him in a better world, where there is nothing but love. Yes, and father's heart will be softer then, for we shall all be taught of God.' I pressed my lips to her pale forehead, my heart was too full to permit me to speak; and that same night, in the full hope of a blessed immortality, the dear saint closed her eyes upon a short, yet not entirely joyless life.

'Whatever may have been your uncle's reflections, he never gave them utterance; Martha had not been a favorite. She possessed an inquiring mind, that sometimes ventured to question her father's favored sentiments, and this alone, had been the head and front of her offending.

'I shall pass over a few years in silence; and commence from the time Everard, their only son left college, and entered the Theological Seminary at ——. The design of making him a minister, had been a cherished one of your uncle's; and he looked forward to the season of his ordination, as one that would advance his own religious importance; and make him envied among his brethren. On his first return home, Everard was accompanied by a friend. The stranger had insinuating manners; and soon won the good graces of his entertainers. They made a prolonged visit; but although their visitor had been unremitting in his attentions to Maria, and had sought her love by every subtle art, he took leave without saying a word that

could be construed into a wish to have their acquaintance continued. Her spirits entirely forsook her after their departure. Her faded looks and evident indisposition was attributed to the loss of her lover ; but, alas, the spoiler had been there ! I cannot dwell on this dark period of my narrative. Great and overwhelming was the blow to her parents when it did come. Their wounded pride banished the wretched daughter from the parental roof. In this dreadful agony of feelings, spurned by her household, she sought protection of my brother William. He received her, and gently strove to calm her agitated mind, intending on the morrow to see his brother ; but ere that morrow dawned, a helpless unowned babe was introduced into existence, and its hapless mother lay a still and silent corse.

‘I pass over the terrible anguish this event occasioned your uncle. Maria was the child of his affection, and though he refused to see her infant, he had her remains laid by the side of her sister.

‘And can that little orphan, Agnes, who lives on the bounty of my uncle William, be that child ?’

‘Your conjectures are right. Agnes is that unfortunate child ; an orphan in every sense of the word ; though that state is softened as much as it can be, by the kindness of your uncle’s family. A particular account of the melancholy occurrence was instantly forwarded to Everard. With the letter open in his hand, he rushed to the apartment of his false friend. He was not there. He sought him in the library where he *was conversing* with several others. Wrought *to madness* by the injury done his family, he

accused him of his baseness, and bitterly reproached him for his villany. The individual present interfered; but he was too angry to reflect himself, and demanded satisfaction. He was dismissed from the Seminary; and put under an immediate arrest by the cowardly betrayer of innocence.

‘Everard gave bonds, and returned home. His hopes blighted, his ambition crushed, and burning with unsatisfied revenge, he shut himself from society, a complete misanthrope. For a long time he remained in this state. He now occasionally mixes with the world, but has become that most miserable of all created beings—an unbeliever in the existence of a God.

‘The religious instruction Timothy gave his children, was wrong, fundamentally wrong; and the consequences have been disastrous. Broken in spirit, and bent under the weight of infirmities he finds his long toiled for wealth to be only vexation of spirit, and vanity to its possessor. You have frequently, Eudora, betrayed an aversion to him, but you must learn to conquer these feelings. He has been deeply afflicted, and it is no for feeble man to raise a finger on those whom God has sorely stricken.

‘Your uncle William has pursued a different course through life. He early added to his zeal, knowledge; and in the education of their family, he has been assisted by his truly amiable and pious wife. The example set before their children was good; it inspired their love and confidence. They took the New-Testament for their guide, and taught that He who gave birth to our Lord Jesus Christ, has with him freely given us all things, and that no good thing has been withheld

us; it being the abuse of these gifts, and **not** the use of them, that constitutes sin, in **which** there is no pleasure; and that punishment **will** most assuredly follow the transgressor. The effects of their system of education, could not be otherwise than beneficial; and this knowledge of God, with the entire dependance on His will, that was early instilled into them, laid the foundation of their excellence; and though my brother and his wife have had all the disadvantages of poverty to contend with, they have the satisfaction of having brought up the best family of children of any one within a large circle round, and they are now bright examples that the upright in heart, even in this world, are blessed.

‘You have now, my child, been made, acquainted with the history you so much desired to know. Revolve well in your mind what you have heard; *contrast* the characters of your two uncles, and then say—*which is the christian?*’

PRIZE POEM.

Written for the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate.

THE GOSPEL JUBILEE.

BY MRS. Z. PORTER, *Henderson, N. Y.*

HARK! hear the glad trump of the Gospel resounding
Throughout the broad realms of humanity's sphere;
Redemption, salvation and free grace abounding—
Intelligent beings, awake and give ear!
The heralds, those servants of God, are inviting
The guests to the feast which is ready and free;
Beauteous their feet on the mount, and delighting
The tidings they bring of the great Jubilee.

Ho! all ye who hunger and thirst after righteousness—
Ye who are weary with sorrow and care—
Come to this mountain, the refuge of blessedness,
Spread is the feast, and the Master is there.
Here's wine on the lees, and fat things full of marrow,
No price is demanded, the fare is all free;
Come, shout hallelujah, for banished is sorrow;
We'll joy in our rest, 'tis the blessed Jubilee.

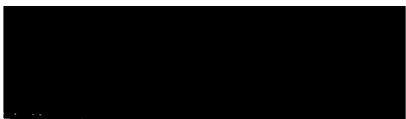
The children redeemed with songs are returning,
As doves to their windows, they're journeying home;
They've beauty for ashes, and joy for their mourning;
The spirit hath spoken, the bride hath said, Come.
Oh, come to mount Zion! oh, come without bidding!
With praise and thanksgiving, come, bow the glad knee;
The voice is to all, there's no fear of intruding;
Then haste, all as one, to the grand Jubilee.

Here's glory immortal and life everlasting,
 No ills to afflict, and no fears to annoy ;
 Infinite love you'll forever be tasting,
 While praising and singing with hearts full of joy.
 The soft hand of love shall wipe tears from all faces,
 All sorrow and sighing forever shall flee ;
 Transgression be finished, and sin leave no traces,
 For holiness reigns in the blessed Jubilee.

And here, in this mountain, our God will demolish
 The veil that hath blinded the nations so long ;
 The face of the covering, that curse he'll abolish ;
 He's faithful who's promised, he's mighty and strong.
 Oh, come and refresh in salvation's pure river !
 Here's grace for mankind, an unlimited sea :
 Love, glory and honor, ascribe to the Giver,
 And strike the loved notes of a blessed Jubilee !

The rebuke of his house he will take off forever,
 Accomplish the vict'ry o'er death and the grave ;
 And he who controlled them shall rule no more ever ;
 Then trust him—oh, trust him who's promised to save
 Shout, shout, O ye heavens ! break forth into singing,
 Ye mountains, and forests, and every tree !
 The day from on high in its glory is springing,
 And ush'ring in peace and a rich Jubilee.

All wisdom, and blessing, and might, and dominion,
 Be unto the Lamb, and Jehovah the Lord !
 A ransomed world shall unite in communion,
 Forever and ever rejoice in his word !
 The uttermost parts of the earth shall adore him,
 They'll glorify him in the isles of the sea ;
 All nations shall come and shall bow down before him,
 All holy and blessed, through a vast Jubilee !



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